

X

HESPERIDES;

OR,

WORKS BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,

OF

ROBERT HERRICK.

EDITED BY

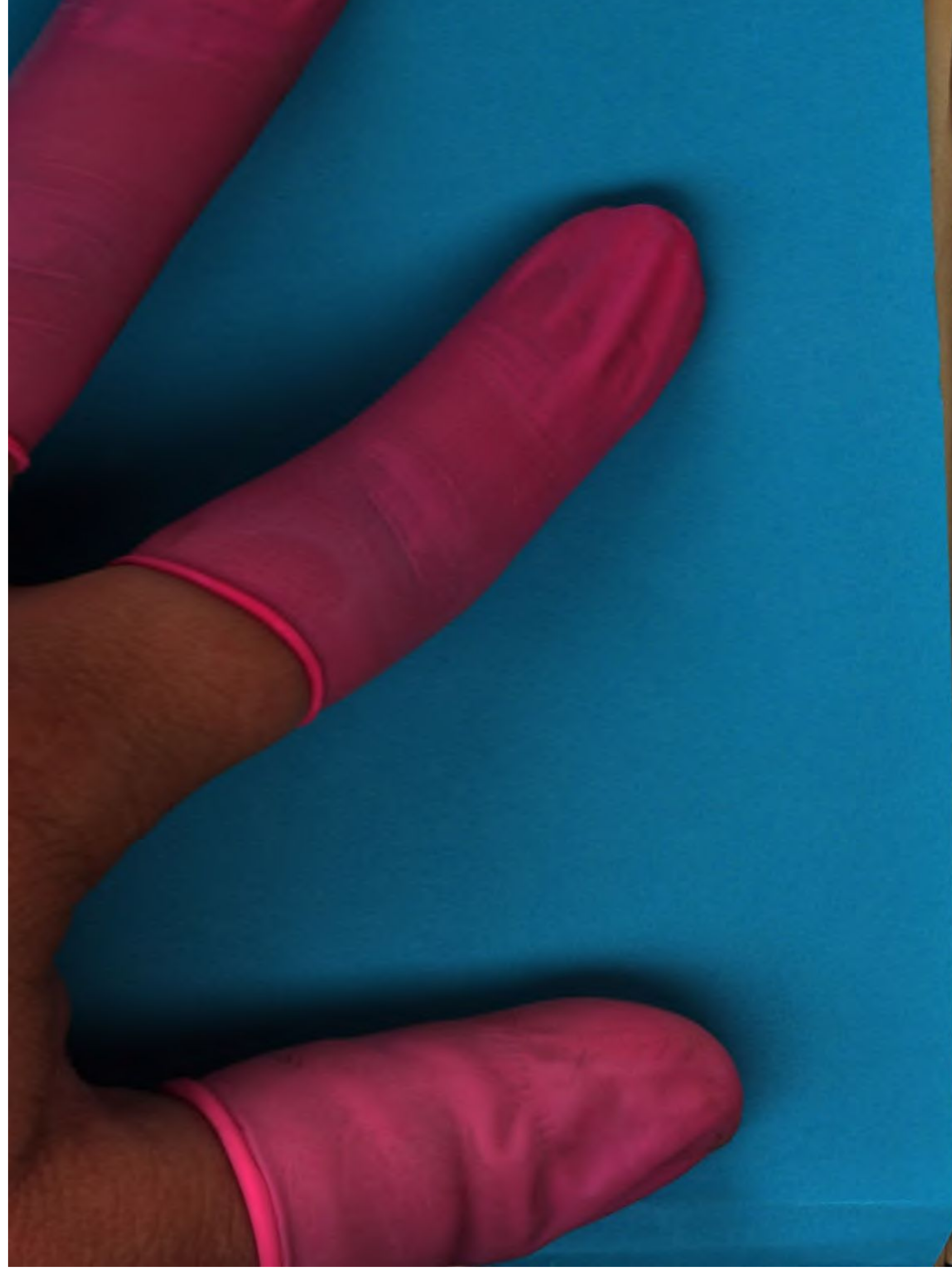
HENRY G. CLARKE.

VOL. 2.

LONDON:

H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

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I.

TO HIS MUSE.

Were I to give thee Baptism, I would choose
To christen thee the bride, the bashful muse,
Or muse of roses; since that name does fit
Best with those virgin verses thou hast writ;
Which are so clean, so chaste, as none may fear
Cato the Censor, should he scan each here.

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PASTORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

II.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY SO CALLED.

Why this flower is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lass,
 Kept as close as Danae was;
 Who a sprightly Springall lov'd:
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withal;
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell; and bruis'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving luckless speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now The Flower of the Wall.

III.

A PARANÆTICAL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS FRIEND,
MR. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep
To rise as soon as day doth peep,
To tire thy patient ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days pass;
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce man's miseries?
No; 'tis a life to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil;
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,
Although with some, yet little pain;
To have thy mind and nuptial bed,
With fears and cares uncumbered;
A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride;
This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free,
As is that air that circles thee;
And crown thy temples too; and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them:
No sound recalls the hours once fled,
Or roses, being withered;
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a dew, or melted frost.

Then live we mirthful while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold ;
Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,
And thus less last, than live our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last ;
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well ;
And that we'll do, as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn,
From whence there's never a return.

IV.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

Shut not so soon : the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows yet appear :
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye ;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live, or die.

V.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air ;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns ; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair ;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you ;
Besides the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night ;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying ;
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green, and trimmed with trees ; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see it ?
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn, laden home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth ;
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss both odd and even ;
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace and die
 Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

VI.

THE MEADOW VERSE,

OR ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN.

Come with the spring-time forth, fair maid ; and be
 This year again the meadow's deity :
 Yet, ere ye enter, give us leave to set
 Upon your head this flow'ry coronet :
 To make this neat distinction from the rest,
 You are the prime and princess of the feast,
 To which with silver feet lead you the way,
 While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day ;
 This is your hour ; and best you may command,
 Since you are lady of this fairy land :
 Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall
 Cherish the cheek, but make none blush at all !

VII.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

TO HIS BROTHER, M. THO. HERRICK.

Thrice, and above blest, my soul's half, art thou,
In thy both last and better vow ;
Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
The country's sweet simplicity ;
And it to know and practice, with intent
To grow the sooner innocent ;
By studying to know virtue, and to aim
More at her nature than her name ;
The last is but the least, the first doth tell
Ways less to live than to live well ;
And both are known to thee, who now canst live
Led by thy conscience, to give
Justice to some-pleased nature, and to show
Wisdom and she together go,
And keep one centre ; this with that conspires
To teach man to confine desires,
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint ;
And canst instruct that those who have the itch
Of craving more are never rich.
These things thou knowest to the height, and dost
prevent
That plague, because thou art content
With that Heaven gave thee with a weary hand,
(More blessed in thy brass than land)

To keep cheap Nature even and upright ;
 To cool, not cocker appetite.
Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfy
 The belly chiefly, not the eye ;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
 Less with a neat than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet a country life
 Is the fruition of a wife,
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
 Got not so beautiful as chaste ;
By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
 While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
 Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkness power to usher in
 Fear to those sheets that know no sin.
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
 Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damask meadows and the pebbly streams
 Sweeten and make soft your dreams ;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weaved
 bowers,
 With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present their shapes, while phantasy discloses
 Millions of Lilies mixt with Roses.
Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
 Woo'd to come suck the milky teat ;
While Faunus in the vision comes, to keep
 From ravening wolves, the fleecy sheep.
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound as sweet ;
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
 As not to rise when Chanticleer

Warns the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with heaven for some late fault,
With holy-meal and spiriting salt;
Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tells us,
“Jove for our labour all things sells us.”
Nor are thy daily and devout affairs,
Attended with those desperate cares
The industrious merchant hath, who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again; tortured with fears, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty;
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sittest, and believest that there be seas,
And watry dangers, while thy whither hap
But sees these things within thy map;
And viewing them with a more safe survey,
Makest easy fear unto thee say,
“A heart thrice walled with oak and brass, that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean.”
But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
Canst in thy map securely sail;
Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
By those fine shades, their substances;
And from thy compass taking small advice,
Buyest travel at the lowest price;
Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
Far more with wonder than with fear,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings;
And believe there be such things;
When, of these truths thy happier knowledge lies,
More in thine ears than in thine eyes.
And when thou hearest by too true report,
Vice rules the most, or all at court;

Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Virtue had, and moved her sphere.
But thou livest fearless; and thy face ne'er shows
Fortune when she comes, or goes;
But with thy equal thoughts prepared, dost stand
To take her by the either hand;
Nor carest which comes the first, the foul or fair.
A wise man every way lies square;
And like a surly oak with storms perplexed,
Grows still the stronger, strongly vext.
Be so, bold spirit; stand centre-like, unmoved;
And be not only thought, but proved
To be what I report thee, and inure
Thyself, if want comes to endure;
And so thou dost, for thy desires are
Confined to live with private Larr;
Nor curious whether appetite be fed,
Or with the first or second bread.
Who keepest no proud mouth for delicious cates;
Hunger makes coarse meats delicates.
Canst, and unurged, forsake that larded fare,
Which art, not nature makes so rare;
To taste boiled nettles, coleworts, beets, and eat
These, and sour herbs as dainty meat?
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
"Content makes all ambrosia;"
Nor is it that thou keepest this stricter size
So much for want as exercise;
To numb the sense of dearth, which should sin haste it,
Thou might'st but only see it, not taste it;
Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
Of singing crickets by thy fire;
And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes;

Then to her cabin blest, she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape ;
And thus thy little well kept stock doth prove
Wealth cannot make a life, but love.
Nor art thou so close-handed, but canst spend,
(Counsel concurring with the end,)
As well as spare ; still conning o'er this theme,
To shun the first and last extreme ;
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy tether's reach ;
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine own self, and known to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
Elysium to thy wife and thee ;
There to disport yourselves with golden measure ;
For seldom use commends the pleasure.
Live, and live blest ; thrice happy pair ; let breath,
But lost to one, be the other's death :
And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
Be so one death, one grave to both ;
Till when, in such assurance live ye may,
Nor fear, or wish your dying day.

VIII.

A BUCOLIC, OR DISCOURSE OF NEAT-HERDS.

1. Come, blitheful neat-herds, let us lay
A wager, who the best shall play,
Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
That fits the business of the day.

CHORUS.

And Lallage the judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
A heifer smooth, and black as jet,
In every part alike complete,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

CHORUS.

And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeress of the prize.

1. Against thy heifer I will here
Lay to thy stake a lusty steer,
With gilded horns and burnish'd clear.

CHORUS.

Why then begin, and let us hear
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purls from either's oat.

2. The stakes are laid ; let's now apply
Each one to make his melody ;

LALLAGE.

The equal empire shall be I,
Who'll hear and so judge righteously.

CHORUS.

Much time is spent in prate ; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win. [*He plays.*]

1. That's sweetly touch'd ; I must confess
Thou art a man of worthiness ;
But hark how I can now express
My love unto my neat-herdess. [*He sings.*]

CHORUS.

A sugar'd note, and sound as sweet
As kine, when they at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy heifer fair,
I'll strike thee such a nimble air,
That thou shalt say, thyself, 'tis rare ;
And title me without compare.

CHORUS.

Lay by awhile your pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2. To get thy steerling once again,
I'll play thee such another strain,
That thou shall swear my pipe does reign
Over thine oat, as sovereign. [*He sings.*]

CHORUS.

And Lallage shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize.

2. The day is mine.

1. Not so ; my pipe has silenced thine ;
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own.

LALLAGE.

In love combine.

CHORUS.

And lay we down our pipes together,
As weary, not o'ercome by either.

IX.

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss,
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis :
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand ;
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do ;
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge, with boughs and rushes beautified,
With soft smooth virgins, for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court :
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore ;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water-dames,
With swan-like state, float up and down thy streams ;
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
To make them lean and languishing at all ;
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naides.
Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting ;
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow ; so fare ye well for ever.

X.

A BUCOLIC BETWEEN TWO; LACON AND THYRSIS.

LACON.

For a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness
Thou most lovely neat-herdess?
Why so lonely on the hill;
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That ere while was heard so shrill?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfil the milking-pail?
Say what is't that thou do'st ail?

THYRSIS.

None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was:
See, mine eyes are weeping ripe.

LACON.

Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

THYRSIS.

I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here;
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Party colour'd like a pie,
Smooth in each limb as a die;

Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
Sharply pointed as a thorn ;
With a neck by yoke unworn,
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interlac'd with ribbanings ;
Faultless every way for shape,
Not a straw could him escape,
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ah me ! ah me ! Last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
I, and kill'd my dear delight.

LACON.

Alack, for grief !

THYRSIS.

But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his ev'ning funeral.
Live long, Lacon ; so adieu !

LACON.

Mournful maid, farewell to you ;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew !

XI.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

TO THE HONOURED MR. END. PORTER,
GROOM OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove,
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west;
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plough-man's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands:
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;

And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough ;
This done, then to the enamel'd meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there ;
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with garlands grac'd,
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy sheering-feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tost up after Fox-i'-th'-hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-tide kings

And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it:
To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood;
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt——

XII.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE.

Love on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue.

XIII.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST-HOME.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MILD MAY, EARL OF
WESTMORELAND.

Come sons of summer ; by whose toil
We are the lords of wine, and oil ;
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands :
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art :
See here a maukin ; there a sheet
As spotless, pure, as it is sweet ;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies ;
The harvest swains, and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd :
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter :
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat ;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,

Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef ;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal ;
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty :
And, for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to the plough the commonwealth ;
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
To the rough sickle, and the crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe :
Feed, and grow fat ; and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat :
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke ;
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now :
And, you must know your lord's word's true,
"Feed him ye must, whose food fills you :"
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

XIV.

HIS AGE.

DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MR. JOHN WICKES,
UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMOUS.

Ah, Posthumous ! our years hence fly,
And leave no sound : nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow,
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow ;
But we must on,
As fate does lead or draw us. None,
None, Posthumous, could e'er decline
The doom of cruel Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left ; no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curs'd cypress tree.
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind :
Lets live, my Wickes, then, while we may ;
And here enjoy our holiday.

We've seen the past, best times ; and these
Will ne'er return : we see the seas,
And moons to wane ;
But they fill up their ebbs again :
But vanish'd man,
Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
Ne'er can, repullulate, or bring
His days to see a second spring.

But on we must ; and thither tend
Where Ancus, and rich Tullus blend
 Their sacred seed :
Thus has infernal Jove decreed :
 We must be made
Ere long a song, ere long a shade.
Why then, since life to us is short,
Lets make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,
And 'noint with Syrian balm ; for when
 We two are dead,
The world with us is buried :
 Then live we free
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and lucky stone.

We are not poor ; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
 Baiaë, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep,
 Nor bullocks fed
To lard the shambles ; barbles bred
To kiss our hands ; nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so confer
Both by a shining saltcellar ;
 And have our roof,
Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof ;
 And ceiling free
From that cheap candle-bawdry ;

We'll eat our bean with that full mirth,
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then ; on what seas we are tost,
Our comfort is, we can't be lost :

Let the winds drive
Our bark, yet she will keep alive
Amidst the deeps :

'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
The pinnacle up ; which, though she errs
I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part ; sweet mercy bless
Us both i'th' sea, camp, wilderness !

Can we so far
Stray, to become less circular
Than we are now ?

No, no ; that selfsame heart, that vow
Which made us one shall ne'er undo,
Or ravel, so to make us two.

Live in thy peace ; as for myself,
When I am bruised on the shelf
Of time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow ;
When with the rheum,
The cough, the phthsick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then
The ages fled I'll call again ;

And with a tear compare these last
Lame, and bad times with those are past ;

While Baucis by,
My old lean wife, shall kiss it dry :
And so we'll sit
By the fire, foretelling snow, and sleet,
And weather, by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own
True calendars ; as puss's ear
Wash'd o'er's, to tell what change is near.
Then, to assuage
The gripings of the chine by age,
I'll call my young
Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's breast,
And of her blush at such a feast :
Then shall he read that flow'r of mine
Inclos'd within a crystal shrine ;
A primrose next :
A piece then of a higher text,
For to beget
In me a more transcendant heat,
Than that insinuating fire
Which crept into each aged sire,
When the fair Helen from her eyes
Shot forth her loving sorceries ;
At which I'll rear
Mine aged limbs above my chair ;
And, hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
" No lust there's like to poetry ! "

Thus frantic crazy man, God wot !
I'll call to mind things half forgot ;
 And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen.
 Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus' hairs,
Doting I'll weep and say, in truth,
" Baucis, these were my sins of youth."

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
 To crown the hearth ;
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth ;
 Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse,
Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
Unto the genius of the house ;

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
 High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolick'd with,
 Such as could well
Bear up the magic bough and spell,
And, dancing 'bout the mystic thyrse,
Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then again to thee
We'll drink, my Wickes ; until we be
 Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
 As the cricket,
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket ;

Until our tongues shall tell our ears,
We're younger by a score of years :

Thus, 'till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,
 We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup
 To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes :
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night bewearied.

XV.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

Ye may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the air awhile ;
But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
Fruit, ye know, is coming on :
Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,
When as cherries come in place ?

XVI.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

XVII.

TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh, and green ;
Ye have been fill'd with flow'rs ;
And ye the walks have been.
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld, how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

XVIII.

A PASTORAL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES,
PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR. NIC.
LANIERE.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. Good day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no
less;
And all fair signs led on our shepherdess.

Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But say,
What news
Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my
ewes,
My wethers, lambs, and wanton kids are well,
Smooth, fair, and fat, none better I can tell:
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast
For his sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* These things are the
least.

But dear Amintas, and sweet Amarillis,
Rest but a while here by this bank of lilies;
And lend a gentle care to one report
The country has. *Amin.* From whence? *Amar.* From
whence? *Mirt.* The Court.

Three days before the shutting in of May,
(With whitest wool be ever crowned that day!)
'To all our joy a sweet fac'd child was born,
More tender than the childhood of the morn.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and
sheep,
Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep.

Mirt. And that his birth should be more singular,
At noon of day was seen a silver star,
Bright as the wise men's torch, which guided them
To God's sweet babe, when born at Bethlehem;
While golden angels, some have told to me,
Sung out his birth with heavenly minstrelsy.

Amin. O rare! But is it a trespass, if we three
Sould wend along his babyship to see?

Mirt. Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to
prove
At most a fault, it is but a fault of love.

Amar. But dear Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
Those learned men brought incense, myrrh, and
gold,
From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
And laid them down for offerings at his feet.

Mirt. 'Tis true, indeed; and each of us will bring
Unto our smiling and our blooming King,
A neat, though not so great an offering.

Amar. A garland for my gift shall be,
Of flowers ne'er sucked by the thieving bee;
And all most sweet, yet all less sweet than he.

Amin. And I will bear along with you
Leaves dropping down the honeyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as sweet as new.

Mirt. And I a sheep-hook will bestow
To have his little King-ship know,
As he is prince, he is shepherd too.

Chor. Come let's away, and quickly let's be dress'd,
And quickly give, the swiftest grace is best.
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll bless the babe, then back to country pleasures.

XIX.

A PANEYGERIC TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,
I send my salt, my sacrifice
To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as far
As to thy genius and thy larr;
To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,
The fat-fed smoking temple, which in
The wholesome savour of thy mighty chines,
Invites to supper him who dines,
Where laden spits, warp'd with large ribs of beef,
Not represent, but give relief
To the lank stranger and the sour swain,
Where both may feed and come again;
For no black-bearded vigil from thy door
Beats with a button'd-staff the poor;
But from thy warm love-hatching gates, each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay
To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants;
Or, staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
Of some rough groom, who, yirk'd with corns, says, Sir,
You've dipt too long i'th' vinegar;
And with our broth and bread and bits, Sir friend,
You've fared well, pray make an end;
Two days you've larded here; a third, you know,
Makes guests and fish smell strong; pray go
You to some other chimney, and there take
Essay of other giblets; make

Merry at another's hearth ! you're here
Welcome as thunder to our beer ;
Manners knows distance, and a man unrude
Would soon reconcile, and not intrude
His stomach to a second meal. No, no,
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
No such crabb'd visard: Thou hast learnt thy train
With heart and hand to entertain ;
And by the armsful, with a breast unhid,
As the old race of mankind did,
When either's heart, and either's hand did strive
To be the nearer relative ;
Thou dost redeem those times ; and what was lost
Of ancient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee, and so will run
A course in thy fame's pledge, thy son.
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
Early sets ope to feast, and late ;
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that
The trencher creature marketh what
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
Some private pinch tells danger's nigh,
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
Skin deep into the pork, or lights
Upon some part of kid, as if mistook,
When checked by the butler's look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beer
Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,
But all who at thy table seated are,
Find equal freedom, equal fare ;

And thou, like to that hospitable god,
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
To eat thy bullock's thighs, thy veals, thy fat
Wethers, and never grudged at.
The pheasant, partridge, godwit, reeve, ruff, rail,
The cock, the curlew, and the quail;
These, and thy choicest viands do extend
Their taste unto the lower end
Of thy glad table; not a dish more known
To thee, than unto any one;
But as thy meat, so thy immortal wine
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
And spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt, the wit
Flows from the wine, and graces it;
While reverence, waiting at the bashful board,
Honours my lady and my lord.
No scurrile jest, no open scene is laid
Here, for to make the face afraid;
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
Ly, that it makes the meat more sweet,
And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
Do'st rather pour forth, than allow
By cruse and measure; thus devoting wine
As the Canary isles were thine;
But with that wisdom and that method, as
No one that's there his guilty glass
Drinks of distemper, or has cause to cry
Repentance to his liberty.
No, thou know'st order, ethics, and has read
All economics, know'st to lead
A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show
How far a figure ought to go,

Forward or backward, sideward, and what pace
Can give, and what retract a grace;
What gesture, courtship, comeliness agrees,
With those thy primitive decrees,
To give subsistence to thy house, and prove,
What genii support thy roof,
Goodness and greatness, not the oaken piles;
For these, and marbles have their whiles
To last, but not their ever; virtue's hand
It is which builds 'gainst fate to stand.
Such is thy house, whose firm foundations trust
Is more in thee than in her dust,
Or depth; these last may yield, and yearly shrink
When what is strongly built, no chink
Or yawning rupture can the same devour,
But fix'd it stands, by her own power,
And well-laid bottom, on the iron and rock,
Which tries and counter-stands the shock,
And ram of time, and by vexation grows
The stronger. Virtue dies when foes
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
And large she spreads by dust and sweat.
Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both will,
Since neither's height was rais'd by th' ill
Of others: since no stud, no stone, no piece
Was rear'd up by the poor man's fleece;
No widow's tenement was rack'd to gild
Or fret thy ceiling, or to build
A sweating-closet, to anoint the silk-
Soft skin, or bathe in asses' milk;
No orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to set
The pillars up of lasting jet,

For which their cries might beat against thine ears,
Or in the damp jet read their tears.
No plank from hallowed altar does appeal
To yond' Star-chamber, or does seal
A curse to thee, or thine ; but all things even
Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
Go on directly so, as just men may,
A thousand times, more swear, than say,
This is that princely Pemberton, who can
Teach man to keep a God in man ;
And when wise poets shall search out to see
Good men, they find them all in thee.

XX.

HOW LILIES CAME WHITE.

White though ye be ; yet, lilies, know,
From the first ye were not so ;
But I'll tell ye
What befel ye :
Cupid and his mother lay
In a cloud ; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger press'd
The ruby niplet of her breast,
Out of the which the cream of light,
Like to a dew,
Fell down on you,
And made ye white.

XXI.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORAL BETWEEN ENDYMION PORTER, AND LYCIDAS HERRICK, SET AND SUNG.

Endym. Ah, Lycidas, come tell me why
Thy whilome merry oate
By thee do so neglected lie,
And never purls a note?

I prithee speak. *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say on.

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou
That art the cause, Endymion;

End. For love's sake tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou dost play
Upon another plain;
And for a rural roundelay
Strik'st now a courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,
Our finer fleeced sheep;
Unkind to us, to spend thine hours,
Where shepherds should not keep.

I mean the court: let Latmos be
My loved Endymion's court;

End. But I the courtly state would see;

Lyc. Then see it in report.

What has the court to do with swains,
Where Phillis is not known?
Nor does it mind the rustic strains
Of us, or Coridon.

Break, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;

End. Dear Lycidas, ere long,
I vow my Pan, to come away,
And pipe unto thy song.

Then Jessamine, with Florabel,
And dainty Amaryllis,
With handsome-handled Drosomel,
Shall prank thy hook with lilies.

Lyc. Then Tityrus and Coridon,
And Thyrsis, they shall follow,
With all the rest ; while thou alone
Shalt lead, like young Apollo.

And if thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
In every genial cup,
Shall write in spice, Endymion 'twas
That kept his piping up.

And my most lucky swain, when I shall live to see
Endymion's moon to fill up full, remember me ;
Meantime, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee.

XXII.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

XXIII.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

Bright tulips, we do know,
You had your coming hither,
And fading time does show,
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;
But die ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then and see
Your frailties, and bemoan ye,
For lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye.

XXIV.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING-DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears

Speak grief in you,

Who were but born

Just as the modest morn

Teemed her refreshing dew?

Alas, you have not known that shower,

That mars a flower,

Nor felt the unkind

Breath of a blasting wind,

Nor are ye worn with years;

Or warpt, as we,

Who think it strange to see,

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,

To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known

The reason why

Ye droop and weep,

Is it for want of sleep,

Or childish lullaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet

The violet?

Or brought a kiss

From that sweetheart to this?

No, no, this sorrow shown

By your tears shed,

Would have this lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,

Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

XXV.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

No news of navies burnt at seas ;
No news of late-spawn'd titteries ;
No closet plot or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament :
No new device or late-found trick,
To read by th' stars the kingdom's sick ;
No gin to catch the state, or wring
The free-born nostrils of the king,
We send to you ; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with ivy and with holly ;
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
That toss'd up after Fox-i'th'hole ;
Of Blind-man's-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare ;
Of twelfth-tide cake, of peas and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out " Hey for our town green."
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose ;
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds ;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send instead of new-year's gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,

And let our city health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not ten,
Until the fired chesnuts leap
For joy to see the fruits ye reap,
From the plump chalice and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up.
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
But think on these, that are t' appear,
As daughters to the instant year;
Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse,
Till *Liber Pater* twirls the house
About your ears, and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone.
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up resting now;
And to the bag-pipe all address
Till sleep takes place of weariness.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
Frolic the full twelve holydays.

XXVI.

FAIR DAYS ; OR, DAWNS DECEITFUL.

Fair was the dawn; and but e'en now the skies
Shew'd like to cream, inspir'd with strawberries:
But on a sudden all was chang'd and gone,
That smil'd in that first sweet complexion;
Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
To tear the world, or set it all on fire.
What! trust to things below, when as we see
As men, the heavens have their hypocrisy.

XXVII.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon :

Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run

But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing :

We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

XXVIII.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID
 CALLED ROSE.

What times of sweetness this fair day foreshows,
 When as the Lily marries with the Rose !
 What next is look'd for, but we all should see
 To spring from these a sweet posterity.

XXIX.

A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING.

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepherds

Mon. Bad are the times. *Sil.* And worse than they
are we.

Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the
trees:

The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the
cup

Of wassail now, or sets the quintal up:

And he, who us'd to lead the country round,

Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drown'd.

Ambo. Let's cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weeping
ripe.

Mirt. Ah, Amarillis; farewell mirth and pipe;

Since thou art gone no more I mean to play

To these smooth lawns, my mirthful roundelay.

Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark! *Mirt.* This
earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pitied youth! *Mirt.* And here the breath
of kine

And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.

This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,

This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. *Mon.* Hark!

Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went;

How each thing smells divinely redolent!

Like to a field of beans, when newly blown,

Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet sad passion——

Mirt. In dewy mornings, when she came this way,
Sweet bents would bow, to give my love the day;
And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daisies would shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
Besides (ah me!) since she went hence to dwell,
The voice's daughter, ne'er spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whither?

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together

Mon. Fore-fend it Pan; and Pales, do thou please

To give an end. *Mirt.* To what? *Sil.* Such griefs as
these.

Mirt. Never, O never! Still I may endure

The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

Mon. Love, for thy sake, will bring her to these hills

And dales again. *Mirt.* No, I will languish still;

And all the while my part shall be to weep;

And with my sighs call home my bleating sheep;

And in the rind of every comely tree

I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

Mon. Set with the sun thy woes. *Sil.* The day grows
old,

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great; but greater grows our
sorrow;

But let's go steep

Our eyes in sleep,

And meet to weep

To-morrow.

XXX.

CHARON AND PHILOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

Ph. Charon! O gentle Charon! let me woo thee,
By tears and pity now to come unto me.

Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?

Say, what thou art. *Ph.* I pray you first draw near.

Ch. A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see,

Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O, Charon pity me!

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,

My warbling note will say I'm Philomel.

Ch. What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowls,

Nor beasts, fond thing, but only human souls.

Ph. Alas, for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,

That made me thus hoist sail, and bring my boat:

But I'll return; what mischief brought thee hither;

Ph. A deal of love, and much, much grief together.

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now
beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love, I pray
thee.

Ch. Talk not of love; all pray, but few souls pay me.

Ph. I'll give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay
scores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long,

Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why, then begin, and all the while we make

Our slothful passage o'er the Stygian lake,

You and I'll sing to these dull shades merry,

Who else with tears would doubtless drown my ferry.

XXXI.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE.

The rose was sick, and smiling died ;
And, being to be sanctifi'd,
About the bed, there sighing stood
The sweet and flow'ry sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring ;
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemn fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred dirge and trental sung ;
But ah ! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplished ;
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
And clos'd her up as in a tomb.

XXXII.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers ;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array ;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before ;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

XXXIII.

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac'd,
To be plac'd,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
You do lie,
Poor girls, neglected

XXXIV.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear
Reclothed in fresh and verdant diaper;
Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enamelling:
The palms put forth their gems, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.

The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings
With warbling notes her Terrean sufferings,
What gentle winds perspire ; as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distress,
Leaving them to a pitied nakedness :
And look, how when a frantic storm doth tear
A stubborn oak, or elm, long growing there,
But lull'd to calmness ; then succeeds a breeze,
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees :
So when this war, which, tempest-like, doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine, and oil,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last ;
The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

XXXV.

TO FLOWERS.

In time of life I grac'd you with my verse ;
Do now your flowery honours to my hearse.
You shall not languish, trust me ; virgins here
Weeping, shall make you flourish all the year.

FAIRY LAND

At my lonely country-seat
I have a little plot,
Which I work in earnest, and make
The world a boy take
Part of which I give to love,
Part to my pen and ink.

XXXVI.

TO LARR.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my grains of frankincense ;
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down
To honour thee, my little parsley-crown ;
No more shall I, I fear me, to thee bring
My chives of garlic for an offering ;
No more shall I, from henceforth, hear a choir
Of merry crickets by my country fire ;
Go where I will, thou lucky Larr, stay here,
Warm by a glitt'ring chimney all the year.

FAIRY LAND.

XXXVII.

THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place ;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

XXXVIII.

LARR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S PART.

At my homely country-seat,
I have there a little wheat,
Which I work to meal, and make
Therewithal a holy cake ;
Part of which I give to Larr,
Part is my peculiar.

XXXIX.

THE FAIRY TEMPLE; OR OBERON'S CHAPEL.

DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Rare temples thou hast seen I know,
And rich for in and outward show ;
Survey this chapel, built alone
Without or lime, or wood, or stone.
Then say if one thou hast seen more fine
Than this, the fairies once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.

A way enchased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads ;
Whose structure, for his holy rest ;
Is here the halcyon's curious nest,
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry.
Where he of god-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a niche, more black than jet,
His idol cricket there is set ;
Then in a polish'd oval by,
There stands his idol beetle-fly ;
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol canker seated is.
Then in a round, is placed by these
His golden god, Cantharides.

So that where'er ye look, ye see
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
Now this the fairies would have known,
Theirs is a mix'd religion :
And some have heard the elves it call
Part pagan, part papistical.
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I could not speak the saints here painted.
Saint Tit, saint Nit, saint Is, saint Itis,
Who against Mab's state placed here right is.
Saint Will-o'-th'-wisp of no great bigness,
But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.
Saint Frip, saint Trip, saint Fill, saint Filly,
Neither those other saint-ships will I
Here go about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite ;
Which, one by one, here set down are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance to the gate,
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the comers there,
"Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither without stain :"
A second pules, "Hence, hence, profane."
Hard by i' the shell of half a nut
The holy water there is put ;
A little brush of squirrel's hairs,
Composed of odd not even pairs
Stands in the platter, or close by,
To purge the fairy family.

Near to the altar stands the priest,
There offering up the holy grist;
Dueking in mood and perfect tense,
With (much good do't him) reverence.
The altar is not here four-square,
Nor in a form triangular;
Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
But of a little transverse bone;
Which boys and bruckled children call
(Playing for points and pins) cockall;
Whose linen drapery is a thin,
Subtle, and ductile codlin's skin;
Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
With little seal-work damasked.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle work of trembling dew,
Which gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like frost-work glittering on the snow.
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the altar)
Upon an end, the fairy psalter,
Graced with the trout-fly's curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribandings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the rubrick which they read:
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they do;
Ay, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles;

And, if that fairy knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies ;
And other scriptures, that design
A short but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
To take the free oblation :
A little pindust, which they hold
More precious than we prize our gold ;
Which charity they give to many
Poor of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat rails,
Hatch'd with the silver light of snails,
The elves, in formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a tall small bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vestry.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
To purge the chapel and the rooms ;
Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister ;
Their ushering vergers here likewise,
Their canons and their chanteries ;
Of cloister-monks they have enow,
Ay, and their Abbey-lubbers too.
And if their legend do not lie,
They much affect the papacy ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be pope.

They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks;
Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations,
To drive the devil from the cod-piece
Of the friar, of work an odd-piece.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man would think it.
Next then, upon the chanter's side
An apple's core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to whom the most he prays
And offers incense nights and days,
The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroke and kiss,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerful offerings.
When after these he's paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows;
And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
Like a Turk's turban on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense;
And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

XL.

OBERON'S FEAST.

“ Shapcot! to thee the fairy state
I with discretion dedicate ;
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and unfamiliar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone ;
We'll see the Fairy court anon.”

A little mushroom-table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat
With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
His choice bits with ; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is serv'd
We must not think his ear was starv'd ;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elf is present to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet ; which done,
His kitten eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of paper butterflies,
Of which he eats ; and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle ;

A little fuzball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
And well bestrutted bees' sweet bag ;
Glad'ning his palate with some store
Of emits' eggs ; what would he more ?
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a flie ;
With the red-cap'd worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little moth,
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;
With withered cherries, mandrakes' ears,
Moles' eyes ; to these the slain stag's tears ;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music ; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done, commended
Grace by his priest : the feast is ended.

XLI.

OBERON'S PALACE.

After the feast, my Shapcot, see
The Fairy court I give to thee ;
Where we'll present our Oberon led
Half tipsy to the Fairy bed,
Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.
Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
We'll wish both them and thee good night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action ; on he'll go
To lie with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no ears ; he's sharp as thorn,
And fretful, carries hay in's horn,
And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd the stings
Of peltish wasps ; we'll know his guard ;
Kings, though they're hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinsel'd with twilight, he and they
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their numerous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and many a cross-
Track, they redeem a bank of moss
Spongy and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lemster ore ;

Mildly disparkling, like those fires
Which break from the enjewel'd tires
Of curious brides: or like those mites
Of candid dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Are to a wild digestion brought,
As if Love's sampler here was wrought;
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch,
Sweet airs move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd kine,
Who, as they low, empearl with milk
The four-leav'd grass, or moss-like silk.
The breath of monkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
Which scents this arch; and here and there,
And further off, and everywhere
Throughout that brave Mosaic yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card;
With pips of hearts, of club and spade,
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies hereabouts; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels' and children's teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered,
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the bluer plum.
The nails fallen off by whitlows: Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,

Which we to others (from ourselves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stolen from the neck
Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance; where within,
The room is hung with the blue skin
Of shifted snake; enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of peacock's trains, and trout-
Flies' curious wings; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung
The glowworm's eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'ry fish, wheat-straws, the snails
Soft candle-light, the kitten's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac'd day,
Or other over radiant ray,
Ransacks this room; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these gems,
And multiply; such is the light,
But ever doubtful, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errors up; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knows, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump dandelions, high-
Rear'd, lies her elfish majesty,
Whose woolly-bubbles seem'd to drown
Her Mabship in obedient down;
For either sheet was spread the caul
That doth the infant face enthrall,

When it is born, by some enstyl'd
The lucky omen of the child ;
And next to these, two blankets o'er-
Cast of the finest gossamer ;
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the dainty Deity.
Thus soft she lies ; and overhead
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cobweb curtains ; from the roof
So neatly sunk, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air,
The fringe about this, are those threads
Broke at the loss of maidenheads ;
And all behung with these pure pearls,
Drop'd from the eyes of ravish'd girls,
Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straighter way.
For music now, he has the cries
Of feigned lost virginities ;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquered appetite,
The king's undress'd ; and now upon
The gnat's watchword the elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possess'd
Of this great little kingly guest ;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done
He'll do no doubt : This flax is spun.

XLII.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Please your grace, from out your store
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-sour'd in drink of souse;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip;
Give for bread a little bit
Of a piece that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood;
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man;
Any oats the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's pannier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon;
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

XLIII.

THE HAG.

The hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devil and she together ;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur ;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking ;
While mischief, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are found working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies,
This night ; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

XLIV.

A HYMN TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley,
And garlic chives not scarcely;
For favours here to warm me,
And not by fire to harm me;
For gladding so my hearth here
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the wassail bowl here
With North-down ale doth trowl here,
No syllable doth fall here.
To mar the mirth at all here.
For which, O chimney-keepers!
I dare not call ye sweepers,
So long as I am able
To keep a country table,
Great be my fare, or small cheer,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

XLV.

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

Ye pretty housewives, would ye know
The work that I would put ye to?
This, this it should be, for to spin
A lawn for me, so fine and thin,
As it might serve me for my skin.
For cruel love has me so whip'd,
That of my skin I am all strip'd,

And shall despair that any art
Can ease the rawness or the smart,
Unless you skin again each part.
Which mercy, if you will but do,
I call all maids to witness to
What here I promise, that no broom
Shall now, or ever after come,
To wrong a Spinner or her loom.

XLVI.

THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

Command the roof, great Genius, and from thence
Into this house pour down thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by the benizon;
Fulfill the larders, and by strength'ning bread
Be evermore thy bins replenished.
Next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
That lucky fairies here may dance their round;
And, after that, lay down some silver pence,
The master's charge and care to recompense;
Charm then the chambers; make the beds for ease,
More than for peevish pining sicknesses;
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proof.

XLVII.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DÆMON.

What can I do in poetry,
Now the good spirit's gone from me?
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,
And over-read what I have writ.

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

XLVIII.

DIVINATION BY A DAFFODIL.

When a daffodil I see,
Hanging down 's head towards me,
Guess I may what I may be :
First, I shall decline my head,
Secondly, I shall be dead ;
Lastly, safely buried.

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

XLIX.

THE PETER-PENNY.

Fresh strowings allow
 To my sepulchre now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter;
 A staff or a wand,
 Put then in my hand,
 With a penny to pay St. Peter.

Who has not a cross,
 Must sit with the loss,
 And no whit further must venture;
 Since the porter he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or else not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
 Can't send, for a gift,
 A pig to the priest for a roaster,
 Shall hear his clerk say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No penny, no pater-noster.

L.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

LI.

A CHARM, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

If so be a toad be laid
In a sheep's skin newly flayed,
And that tied to man, 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever.

LII.

THE WASSAIL.

Give way, give way, ye gates, and win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our ent'ring in.

May both with manchet stand replete,
Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
That thou a thousand, thousand eat.

Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemn sober stream,
Bank'd all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Then may your plants be press'd with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next, may your duck and teeming hen,
Both to the cock's tread say, amen;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by your virgin-vows.

Alas! we bless, but see none here,
That brings us either ale or beer;
In a dry-house all things are near.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate;
And all live here with needy fate;

Where chimneys do for ever weep,
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep
With noise the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away;
Yet to the lares this we'll say:

The time will come, when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

LIII.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with rosemary and bays,
Down with the misletoe
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter-day
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed as former things grow old.

LIV.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY.

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quench'd, then lay it up again,
Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept, wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year;
And where it is safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

LV.

DRAW-GLOVES.

At Draw-gloves we'll play,
And prithee let's lay
A wager, and let it be this;
Who first to the sum
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

LVI.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and misletoe ;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dress'd the Christmas hall ;
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind ;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids; trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

LVII.

UPON CANDLEMAS DAY.

End now the white-loaf and the pie,
And let all sports with Christmas die.

LVIII.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Sadly I walk'd within the field,
To see what comfort it wo'd yield ;
And as I went my private way,
An olive branch before me lay ;
And seeing it, I made a stay,
And took it up, and view'd it ; then
Kissing the omen, said, amen ;
Be, be it so, and let this be
A divination unto me ;
That in short time my woes shall cease,
And love shall crown my end with peace.

LIX.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONY.

Come, guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

LX.

THE SPELL.

Holy water come and bring ;
Cast in salt for seasoning ;
Set the brush for sprinkling ;
Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
Meal and it now mix together ;
And a little oil to either :
Give the tapers here their light ;
Ring the saints' bell, to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite.

LXI.

ANOTHER.

Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear ;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

LXII.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here ;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night as you use,
Who shall for the present delight here ;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lambs' wool ;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too ;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
And queen wassailing ;

And though with ale ye be wet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

LXIII.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY; OR, THE MORROW AFTER
TWELFTH DAY.

Partly work and partly play
Ye must on St. Distaff's day;
From the plough soon free your team,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maids a spinning go,
Burn the flax, and fire the tow;
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-hair.
Bring in pails of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men:
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good night;
And next morrow, every one
To his own vocation.

LXIV.

CHARMS.

Let the superstitious wife,
Near the child's heart lay a knife;
Point be up and haft be down;
While she gossips in the town,
'This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

LXV.

THE MAY-POLE.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup ;
I'll drink to the garlands around it
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girls,
Whose husbands may earls,
Or lords be, granting my wishes ;
And when that ye wed
To the bridal bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

LXVI.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

Come down, and dance ye in the toil
Of pleasures, to a heat ;
But if to moisture, let the oil
Of roses be your sweat.

Not only to yourselves assume
These sweets, but let them fly
From this to that, and so perfume
E'en all the standers by.

As goddess Isis, when she went
Or glided through the street ;
Made all that touch'd her, with her scent,
And whom she touch'd turn sweet.

LXVII.

C H A R M .

Bring the holy crust of bread ;
Lay it underneath the head
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

LXVIII.

ANOTHER CHARM FOR STABLES.

Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag, that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat
This observ'd, the manes, shall be,
Of your horses all knot free.

LXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

One ear tingles ; some there be
That are snarling now at me :
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

LXX.

BARLEY-BREAK ; OR LAST IN HELL.

We two are last in hell ; what may we fear,
To be tormented, or kept pris'ners here ?
Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish, in hell we had been last and first.

LXXI.

CHARM.

In the morning when ye rise
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes ;
Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far ;
For as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.

LXXII.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not tend to your desire ;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

LXXIII.

ANOTHER.

This I'll tell ye by the way,
Maidens when ye leavens lay,
Cross your dough, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

LXXIV.

ANOTHER.

If ye fear to be affrighted,
When ye are, by chance, benighted ;
In your pocket, for a trust,
Carry nothing but a crust ;
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger, and the dread.

LXXV.

THE OLD WIVES' PRAYER.

Holy-rood, come forth and shield
Us i' th' city and the field;
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day;
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night;
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro',
By the time the cocks first crow.

LXXVI.

THE PARTING VERSE, TO MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN,
THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

Loth to depart, but yet at last each one
Back must now go to's habitation;
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,
Whether or no that we shall meet here ever.
As for myself, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fill'd upon my silver hairs,
'Tis to be doubted whether I next year,
Or no, shall give you a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'll with a tear or two remember me,
Your sometime poet; but if fates do give
Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live;
Oft as your field shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meadow-verse for you.

LXXVII.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONY IN GLOUCESTER.

I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

LXXVIII.

THE BELL-MAN.

From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murders Benedicite;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night;
Mercy secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, "Good day to you."

EPITAPHS.

LXXIX.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

EPITAPHS.

LXXX.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As weary pilgrims once possess'd
Of long'd for lodging, go to rest ;
So I, now having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staff and stay ;
Youth, I confess, hath me misled,
But age hath brought me right to bed.

LXXXI.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

Here lies a virgin, and as sweet
As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet ;
Her name, if next you would have known
The marble speaks it Mary Stone ;
Who dying in her blooming years,
This stone, for name's sake, melts to tears.
If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep
A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
And, praying, strew some roses on her,
You'll do my niece abundant honour.

LXXXII.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid ;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

LXXXIII.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENTIARY.

Tread, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty, bating but one year,
And thrice three weeks, he lived here ;
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
Which from his ghost a promise is,
If here ye will some few tears shed,
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead.

LXXXIV.

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR. J. WARR.

What wisdom, learning, wit, or worth,
Youth or sweet nature could bring forth,
Rests here with him, who was the fame,
The volume of himself and name.
If reader, then thou wilt draw near,
And do an honour to thy tear ;
Weep then for him, for whom laments
Not one, but many monuments.

LXXXV.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Spend harmless shade, thy nightly hours,
Selecting here both herbs and flowers ;
Of which make garlands here and there,
To dress thy silent sepulchre.
Nor do thou fear the want of these
In everlasting properties ;
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Far faster than the first can wither.

LXXXVI.

UPON A MAID.

Here she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in paradise ;
For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins come, and in a ring
Her supremest *requiem* sing ;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

LXXXVII.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

This stone can tell the story of my life,
What was my birth, to whom I was a wife ;
In teeming years how soon my sun was set,
Where now I rest, these may be known by jet ;
For other things, my many children be
The best and truest chronicles of me.

LXXXVIII.

UPON A MAID.

Gone she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come and make no stay,
So we keep, till her return
Here, her ashes, or her urn.

LXXXIX.

UPON A CHILD.

Here a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies;
Pray be silent, and not stir
The easy earth that covers her.

XC.

UPON A WIFE THAT DIED MAD WITH JEALOUSY.

In this little vault she lies,
Here, with all her jealousies;
Quiet yet, but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake;
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble death to lay again.

XCI.

UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

Let all chaste matrons, when they chance to see
My numerous issue, praise and pity me.
Praise me for having such a fruitful womb;
Pity me too, who found so soon a tomb.

XCII.

UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY SHE WAS
MARRIED.

That morn which saw me made a bride,
The ev'ning witness'd that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers, for to burn,
And light my reliques to their urn.
This epitaph, which here you see,
Supply'd the epithalamy.

XCIII.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

With blameless carriage I lived here,
To th' almost seven and fortieth year.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three,
One only daughter lent to me:
The which was made a happy bride,
But thrice three moons before she died.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

XCIV.

UPON HIS SPANIEL TRACY.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, Spaniel, like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million.

XCV.

UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILD-BED, AND LEFT
A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As gilly-flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory, liv'd awhile,
To lend the world your scent and smile :
But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life, resign'd your own ;
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

XCVI.

UPON A CHILD.

Virgins promis'd when I dy'd,
That they would each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb.
Having promised, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

XCVII.

UPON A MAID.

Hence a blessed soul is fled,
Leaving here the body dead ;
Which, since here they can't combine
For the saint, we'll keep the shrine.

XCVIII.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

XCIX.

UPON BEN JONSON.

Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets; but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone;
That will speak, what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

C.

UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED.

Let me sleep this night away,
Till the dawning of the day;
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I, and all the world shall rise.

CI.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

CII.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

But born, and like a short delight,
 I glided by my parents' sight.
 That done, the harder fates denied
 My longer stay, and so I died.
 If pitying my sad parents' tears,
 You'll spill a tear or two with theirs ;
 And with some flowers my grave bestrew,
 Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

CIII.

UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAID.

If men can say that beauty dies,
 Marbles will swear that here it lies.
 If, reader, then thou canst forbear,
 In public loss to shed a tear,
 The dew of grief upon this stone
 Will tell thee, pity thou hast none.

CIV.

ON HIMSELF.

Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light ;
 And weep for me, lost in an endless night :
 Or mourn, or make a marble verse for me,
 Who writ for many. Benedicite.

CV.

ON HIMSELF.

Lost to the world ; lost to myself ; alone
 Here now I rest under this marble stone,
 In depth of silence, heard and seen of none.

APHORISMS.

CVI.

FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

To print our poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame, the breath of popular applause.

APHORISMS.

CVII.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Wilt thou my true friend be?
Then love not mine but me.

CVIII.

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

Nothing can be more loathsome, than to see
Power conjoin'd with Nature's cruelty.

CIX.

LITTLE AND LOUD.

Little you are; for woman's sake be proud;
For my sake next, though little be not loud.

CX.

SHIPWRECK.

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

CXI.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

Give want her welcome, if she comes ; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

CXII.

AGAIN.

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

CXIII.

L A W S .

When Law's full power have to sway, we see
Little or no part there of tyranny.

CXIV.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

If well the dice run, let's applaud the cast ;
The happy fortune will not always last.

CXV.

GLORY.

I make no haste to have my numbers read ;
Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

CXVI.

POETS.

Wantons we are ; and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

CXVII.

NO DESPITE TO THE DEAD.

Reproach we may the living, not the dead ;
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

CXVIII.

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

If Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

CXIX.

PHYSICIANS.

Physicians fight not against men, but these
Combat for men, by conquering the disease.

CXX.

LONG LOOK'D FOR COMES AT LAST.

Though long it be, years may repay the debt;
None loseth that which he in time may get.

CXXI.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DIE.

No man comes late unto that place, from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

CXXII.

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

Let's live with that small pittance that we have;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.

CXXIII.

MEAN THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weakest means things mighty are o'erthrown,
He's lord of thy life who contemns his own.

CXXIV.

KINGS.

Men are not born kings, but are men renown'd;
Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

CXXV.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

Prepost'rous is that order, when we run
To ask our wages ere our work be done.

CXXVI.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Knew'st thou one month wo'd take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep: but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

CXXVII.

GLORY.

Glory no other thing is, Tully says,
Than a man's frequent fame spoke out with praise.

CXXVIII.

POSSESSIONS.

Those possessions short-lived are,
Into the which we come by war.

CXXIX.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortal men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

CXXX.

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

CXXXI.

FAME.

'Tis still observed, that fame ne'er sings
The order, but the sum of things.

CXXXII.

BY USE COMES EASINESS.

Oft bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
What others can't with all their strength put to.

CXXXIII.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

When all birds else do of their music fail,
Money's the still sweet singing nightingale.

CXXXIV.

MAIDS NAYS ARE NOTHING.

Maids nays are nothing, they are shy,
But to desire what they deny.

CXXXV.

DELAY.

Break off delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

CXXXVI.

AMBITION.

In ways to greatness, think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

CXXXVII.

THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my bridal or my burial.

CXXXVIII.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

Thousands each day pass by, which we,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

CXXXIX.

LOVE.

This axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd.

CXL.

DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO MEN.

Women, although they ne'er so goodly make it,
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

CXLI.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.

Though by well-warding many blows we 've past,
That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

CXLII.

PERSEVERANCE.

Hast thou begun an act? ne'er then give o'er;
No man despairs to do what's done before.

CXLIII.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

Kings must not oft be seen by public eyes;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

CXLIV.

ADVERSITY.

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

CXLV.

FORTUNE.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

CXLVI.

WRITING.

When words we want, love teacheth to indite ;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.

CXLVII.

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society stand ;
The first commerce is, and the next command.

CXLVIII.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

For all our works a recompense is sure ;
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard to endure.

CXLIX.

NEED.

Who begs to die for fear of human need,
Wisheth his body, not his soul good speed.

CL.

THE BODY.

The body is the soul's poor-house or home,
Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loam.

CLI.

ON LOVE.

Love is a kind of war ; hence those who fear,
No cowards must his royal ensigns bear.

CLII.

ANOTHER.

Where love begins, there dread thy first desire ;
A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

CLIII.

FACTIONS.

The factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the commons all.

CLIV.

SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord ; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

CLV.

SURFEITS.

Bad are all surfeits ; but physicians call
That surfeit took by bread, the worst of all.

CLVI.

TEARS.

Tears most prevail ; with tears too thou may'st move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

CLVII.

TRUTH.

Truth is best found out by the time and eyes,
Falsehood wins credit by uncertainties.

CLVIII.

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARS.

We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please
Our trust far more than ten ear-witnesses.

CLIX.

WANT.

Want is a softer wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

CLX.

BLAME.

In battles what disasters fall,
The king, he bears the blame of all.

CLXI.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight, no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night, and first of day.

CLXII.

VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men?

CLXIII.

HAPPINESS.

That Happiness does still the longest thrive,
Where joys and griefs have turns alternative.

CLXIV.

THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG COMING.

We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may increase.

CLXV.

BURIAL.

Man may want land to live in; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for burial.

CLXVI.

THE MEAN.

Imparity doth ever discord bring;
The mean, the music makes in everything.

CLXVII.

HIS LOSS.

All has been plundered from me but my wit;
Fortune herself can lay no claim to it.

CLXVIII.

UPON LOVE.

Love is a circle, and an endless sphere;
From good to good, revolving here and there.

CLXIX.

LENITY.

'Tis the chirurgion's praise, and height of art,
Not to cut off but cure the vicious part.

CLXX.

GRIEF.

Consider sorrows, how they are aright;
Grief, if 't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

CLXXI.

COUNSEL.

'Twas Cæsar's saying; kings no less conquerors are
By their wise counsel, than they be by war.

CLXXII.

MOST WORDS, LESS WORKS.

In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders; few for execution.

CLXXIII.

DRAW AND DRINK.

Milk still your fountains and your springs; for why?
The more they're drawn, the less they will grow dry.

CLXXIV.

PENITENCE.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is half, or altogether innocent.

CLXXV.

BEAUTY.

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace
Of lively colours flowing from the face.

CLXXVI.

READINESS.

The readiness of doing doth express
No other but the doer's willingness.

CLXXVII.

THE EYE.

A wanton and lascivious eye
Betrays the heart's adultery.

CLXXVIII.

VIRTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much, virtue is the less,
By how much, near to singleness.

CLXXIX.

REGRESSION SPOILS RESOLUTION.

Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on;
Back-turning slackens resolution.

CLXXX.

CONTENTION.

Discreet and prudent we that discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CLXXXI.

CONSULTATION.

Consult ere thou begin'st; that done, go on;
With all wise speed for execution.

CLXXXII.

OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

Other men's sins we ever bear in mind;
None sees the fardel of his faults behind.

CLXXXIII.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

If little labour, little are our gains
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

CLXXXIV.

EXAMPLES: OR, LIKE PRINCE LIKE PEOPLE.

Examples lead us, and we likely see,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

CLXXXV.

POTENTATES.

Love and the Graces evermore doth wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

CLXXXVI.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

Time is the bound of things; where'er we go,
Fate gives a meeting; death's the end of woe.

CLXXXVII.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

Kings must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest blood.

CLXXXVIII.

ANGER.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time;
But heard with anger, we confess the crime.

CLXXXIX.

MODERATION.

In things a moderation keep;
Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.

CXC.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never, or but seldom known,
Power and Peace to keep one throne.

CXCI.

CRUELITIES.

Nero commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

CXCII.

HEALTH.

Health is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

CXCIII.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
Instead of alms, sets dogs upon the poor.

CXCIV.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity hurts none but only such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

CXCIV.

WANT.

Need is no vice at all, though here it be,
With men a loathed inconveniency.

CXCVI.

GRIEF.

Sorrows divided amongst many, less
Discruciate a man in deep distress.

CXCVII.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

CXCVIII.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

All things are open to these two events,
Or to rewards, or else to punishments.

CXCIX.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

Shame is a bad attendant to a state;
He rents his crown that fears the people's hate.

CC.

KISSING AND BUSSING.

Kissing and bussing differ both in this;
We buss our wantons, but our wives we kiss.

CCI.

CROSS AND PILE.

Fair and foul days trip cross and pile; the fair
Far less in number than our foul days are.

CCII.

LOSS FROM THE LEAST.

Great men by small means oft are overthrown ;
He's lord of thy life, who contemns his own.

CCIII.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

Our mortal parts may wrapt in sere-clothes lie ;
Great spirits never with their bodies die.

CCIV.

THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUEROR.

He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the power
And glorifies the worthy conqueror.

CCV.

CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

What now we like, anon we disapprove ;
The new successor drives away old love.

CCVI.

ACCUSATION.

If Accusation only can draw blood,
None shall be guiltless, be he ne'er so good.

CCVII.

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let
The Muse give thee the Delphic coronet.

CCVIII.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

Fortune no higher project can devise,
Than to sow discord 'mongst thy enemies.

CCIX.

ILL GOVERNMENT.

Preposterous is that government, and rude,
When kings obey the wilder multitude.

CCX.

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

Out of the world he must who once comes in;
No man exempted is from death or sin.

CCXI.

PITY TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pity on a conquer'd foe.

CCXII.

REWARDS.

Still to our gains our chief respect is had;
Reward it is that makes us good or bad.

CCXIII.

NOTHING NEW.

Nothing is new; we walk where others went,
There's no vice now, but has its precedent.

CCXIV.

GAIN AND GETTINGS.

When others gain much by the present cast,
The cobbler's getting-time, is at the last.

CCXV.

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall;
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

CCXVI.

GRIEFS.

Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs;
 Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

CCXVII.

EMPIRES.

Empires of kings are now, and ever were
 As Sallust saith, coincident to fear.

CCXVIII.

PUTREFACTION.

Putrefaction is the end
 Of all that Nature doth intend.

CCXIX.

PASSION.

Were there not a matter known,
 There would be no Passion.

CCXX.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
 One of the Crowd, not of the Company.

CCXXI.

POLICY IN PRINCES.

That Princes may possess a surer seat,
 'Tis fit they make no one with them too great.

CCXXII.

HIS WEAKNESS IN WOES.

I cannot suffer; and in this, my part
 Of patience wants. Grief breaks the stoutest heart.

CCXXIII.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

Man knows where first he ships himself; but he
Never can tell where shall his landing be.

CCXXIV.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

CCXXV.

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

Hard are the two first stairs unto a crown;
Which got, the third bids him a king come down.

CCXXVI.

REST.

On with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd;
Labour is held up by the hope of rest.

CCXXVII.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

Be not dismayed, though crosses cast thee down;
Thy fall is but the rising to a crown.

CCXXVIII.

PARTIAL-GILT POETRY.

Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it,
Pillars, and men, hate an indifferent poet.

CCXXIX.

FEAR GETS FORCE.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed;
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed.

CCXXX.

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim
If favour or occasion help not him.

CCXXXI.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

Praise, they that will, times past; I joy to see
Myself now live; this age best pleaseth me.

CCXXXII.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

In this misfortune kings do most excel,
To hear the worst from men when they do well.

CCXXXIII.

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

Give house-room to the best; 'tis never known,
Virtue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

CCXXXIV.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

Man may at first transgress, but next do well;
Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

CCXXXV.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

Men must have bounds how far to walk; for we
Are made far worse by lawless liberty.

CCXXXVI.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are
That are most modest ere they come to war.

CCXXXVII.

CRUELTY.

'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.

CCXXXVIII.

CLOTHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

Though from without no foes at all we fear;
We shall be wounded by the clothes we wear.

CCXXXIX.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

CCXL.

FAIR AFTER FOUL.

Tears quickly dry; griefs will in time decay;
A clear will come after a cloudy day.

CCXLI.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

Men are suspicious, prone to discontent;
Subjects still loath the present government.

CCXLII.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

Kings must not use the axe for each offence;
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

CCXLIII.

NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE
CHARGE.

Why should we covet much, when as we know
W've more to bear our charge, than way to go.

CCXLIV.

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVEREIGNTY.

Let kings and rulers learn this line from me;
Where power is weak, unsafe is majesty.

CCXLV.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

He that will live of all cares dispossess'd,
Must shun the bad, aye, and suspect the best.

CCXLVI.

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

Care keeps the conquest; 'tis no less renown
To keep a city, than to win a town.

CCXLVII.

SEEK AND FIND.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

CCXLVIII.

MULTITUDE.

We trust not to the multitude in war,
But to the stout, and those that skilful are.

CCXLIX.

RAPINE BRINGS RUIN.

What's got by justice, is establish'd sure;
No kingdoms got by rapine long endure.

CCL.

THE FIRST MARS OR MAKES.

In all our high designments, 'twill appear,
The first event breeds confidence or fear.

CCLI.

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

Still take advice ; though counsels, when they fly
At random, sometimes hit most happily.

CCLII.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

Great cities seldom rest ; if there be none
T'invade from far, they'll find worse foes at home.

CCLIII.

MODERATION.

Let moderation on thy passions wait ;
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.

CCLIV.

CAUTION IN COUNCIL.

Know when to speak ; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

CCLV.

PARDONS.

Those ends in war the best contentment bring,
Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

CCLVI.

WIT PUNISHED PROSPERS MOST.

Dread not the shackles ; on with thine intent ;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

CCLVII.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

'Twixt truth and error there's this difference known,
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

CCLVIII.

THE MEAN.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

CCLIX.

LAWS.

Who violates the customs, hurts the health,
Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

CCLX.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

Studies themselves will languish and decay,
When either price or praise is ta'en away.

CCLXI.

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

Conformity gives comeliness to things,
And equal shares exclude all murmurings.

CCLXII.

THINGS MORTAL STILL MUTABLE.

Things are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on icy pavements we are set.

CCLXIII.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old sore a long cure must go on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

CCLXIV.

FEAR.

Man must do well out of a good intent,
Not for the servile fear of punishment.

CCLXV.

OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

The gods to kings the judgment give to sway;
The subjects only glory to obey.

CCLXVI.

MORE POTENT LESS PECCANT.

He that may sin sins least; leave to transgress
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickedness.

CCLXVII.

CROSSES.

Though good things answer many good intents,
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.

CCLXVIII.

MISERIES.

Though hourly comforts from the gods we see,
No life is yet life-proof from misery.

CCLXIX.

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command;
The tongue in peace, but then in war the hand.

CCLXX.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

Let kings command, and do the best they may,
The saucy subjects still will bear the sway.

CCLXXI.

MONEY GETS THE MASTERY.

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome
When no force else can get the masterdom.

CCLXXII.

VIRTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

Though a wise man all pressures can sustain;
His virtue still is sensible of pain.

CCLXXIII.

SOFT MUSIC.

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

CCLXXIV.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

When what is lov'd is present, love doth spring;
But being absent, love lies languishing.

CCLXXV.

BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

CCLXXVI.

VIRTUE.

Each must in Virtue strive for to excel,
That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.

CCLXXVII.

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

That prince takes soon enough the victor's room,
Who first provides, not to be overcome.

CCLXXVIII.

CASUALTIES.

Good things, that come of course, far less do please
Than those which come by sweet contingencies.

CCLXXIX.

REVERENCE TO RICHES.

Like to the income must be our expense ;
Man's misfortune must be had in reverence.

CCLXXX.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

Who forms a Godhead out of gold or stone,
Makes not a God, but he that prays to one.

CCLXXXI.

AMBITION.

In man, Ambition is the common'st thing ;
Each one by nature loves to be a king.

CCLXXXII.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'll do my best to win whene'er I woo ;
That man loves not who is not zealous too.

CCLXXXIII.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

Beauty no other thing is than a beam
Flash'd out between the middle and extreme.

CCLXXXIV.

HOPE HEARTENS.

None goes to warfare, but with this intent ;
The gains must dead the fear of detriment.

CCLXXXV.

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall
By th' hand of him who is the general.

CCLXXXVI.

EXPENSES EXHAUST.

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate;
Small shots, paid often, waste a vast estate.

CCLXXXVII.

SORROWS SUCCEED.

When one is past, another care we have,
Thus woe succeeds a woe; as wave a wave.

CCLXXXVIII.

DREAMS.

Here we are all by day; by night we're hurl'd
By dreams, each one into a sev'ral world.

CCLXXXIX.

TREASON.

The seeds of treason choke up as they spring,
He acts the crime that gives it cherishing.

CCXC.

TWO THINGS ODIIOUS.

Two, of a thousand things, are disallow'd,
A lying rich man, and a poor man proud.

CCXCI.

NO BASHFULNESS IN BEGGING.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

CCXCII.

NEGLECT.

Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face;
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

CCXCIII.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

Like will to like ; each creature loves his kind
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

CCXCIV.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFUL.

Who may do most, does least ; the bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

CCXCV.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is no other thing, we say,
Than night now gone, and yet not sprung the day.

CCXCVI.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

CCXCVII.

SMART.

Stripes, justly given, yerk us with their fall,
But causeless whipping smarts the most of all.

CCXCVIII.

ON FORTUNE.

This is my comfort ; when she's most unkind,
She can but spoil me of my means, not mind.

CCXCIX.

FALSE MOURNING.

He who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead,
Does but deride the party buried.

CCC.

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

Our honours and our commendations be
Due to the merits, not authority.

CCCI.

GOLD BEFORE GOODNESS.

How rich a man is, all desire to know,
But none enquires if good he be, or no.

CCCII.

REPLETION.

Physicians say, repletion springs
More from the sweet than sour things.

CCCIII.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

As oft as night is banish'd by the morn,
So oft we'll think we see a King new born.

CCCIV.

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

By time and counsel, do the best we can,
Th' event is never in the power of man.

CCCV.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds,
Subjects are taught by men; kings by the gods.

CCCVI.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore:
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd
before.

CCCVII.

SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one martyrdom.

CCCVIII.

THE EYES.

'Tis a known principle in war,
The eyes be first that conquer'd are.

CCCIX.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

Suspicion, discontent, and strife,
Come in for dowry with a wife.

CCCX.

BASHFULNESS.

Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.

CCCXI.

FEW FORTUNATE.

Many we are, and yet but few possess
Those fields of everlasting happiness.

CCCXII.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

While leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest ox the first must bleed.

CCCXIII.

HUNGER.

Ask me what hunger is, and I'll reply,
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and dry.

CCCXIV.

DISTRUST.

Whatever men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdom's part to doubt a faithful friend.

CCCXV.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

Where pleasures rule a kingdom, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

CCCXVI.

EXCESS.

Excess is sluttish; keep the mean; for why?
Virtue's clean concave is sobriety.

CCCXVII.

RECOMPENSE.

Who plants an olive, but to eat the oil?
Reward, we know, is the chief end of toil.

CCCXVIII.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT MAKES
THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is half way cured, if the party will.

CCCXIX.

SAUCE FOR SORROWS.

Although our suffering meet with no relief,
An equal mind is the best sauce for grief.

CCCXX.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

When fear admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

CCCXXI.

GENTLENESS.

That prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.

CCCXXII.

ON LOVE.

That love 'twixt men does ever longest last,
Where war and peace the dice by turns do cast

CCCXXIII.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

The body's salt the soul is ; which when gone,
The flesh soon sucks in putrefaction.

CCCXXIV.

FLATTERY.

What is't that wastes a prince ? example shows
'Tis flattery spends a king more than his foes.

CCCXXV.

UPON KINGS.

Kings must be dauntless ; subjects will contemn
Those who want hearts, and wear a diadem.

CCCXXVI.

A KING AND NO KING.

That prince who may do nothing but what's just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust.

CCCXXVII.

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

All are not ill plots that do sometimes fail,
Nor those false vows which oft times don't prevail.

CCCXXVIII.

FOOLISHNESS.

In's Tusc'lanes, Tully doth confess,
No plague there's like to foolishness.

CCCXXIX.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth by her own simplicity is known;
Falsehood by varnish and vermillion.

CCCXXX.

ON LOVE.

Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.

CCCXXXI.

ABSTINENCE.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

CCCXXXII.

WAR.

If kings and kingdoms once distracted be,
The sword of war must try the sovereignty.

CCCXXXIII.

THE VOICE AND VIOL.

Rare is the voice itself, but when we sing
To the lute or viol, then 'tis ravishing.

CCCXXXIV.

OBEDIENCE.

No man so well a kingdom rules, as he
Who hath himself obeyed the sovereignty.

CCCXXXV.

AFTER AUTUMN, WINTER.

Die, ere long, I'm sure I shall;
After leaves the tree must fall.

CCCXXXVI.

A GOOD DEATH.

For truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill that liveth well.

CCCXXXVII.

SINCERITY.

Wash clean the vessel, lest ye sour
Whatever liquor in ye pour.

CCCXXXVIII.

DIET.

If wholesome diet can re-cure a man,
What need of physic or physician?

CCCXXXIX.

SPEAK IN SEASON.

When times are troubled, then forbear; but speak
When a clear day out of a cloud does break.

CCCXL.

THE END.

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right;
It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

CCCXLI.

THE END.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES.

CCCXLII.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go woo young Charles no more to look,
Than but to read this in my book;
How Herrick begs if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepherds sung long since,
The star-led birth of Charles the Prince.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES.

CCCXLIII.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE
MOST HOPEFUL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
THE DUKE OF YORK.

May his pretty dukeship grow
Like t' a rose of Jericho;
Sweeter far than ever yet
Show'rs or sunshines could beget.
May the graces and the hours
Strew his hopes, and him with flowers;
And so dress him up with love,
As to be the chick of Jove.
May the thrice-three-sisters sing
Him the sovereign of their spring;
And entitle none to be
Prince of Helicon but he.
May his soft foot, where it treads,
Gardens thence produce and meads;
And those meadows full be set
With the rose and the violet.
May his ample name be known
To the last succession;
And his actions high be told
Through the world, but writ in gold.

CCCXLIV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILD MAY,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

You are a lord, an earl, nay more, a man,
Who writes sweet numbers well as any can;
If so, why then are not these verses hurl'd,
Like Sibyls' leaves, throughout the ample world?
What is a jewel, if it be not set
Forth by a ring, or some rich carcanet?
But being so, then the beholders cry,
See, see a gem, as rare as Bælus' eye.
Then public praise does run upon the stone,
For a most rich, a rare, a precious one.
Expose your jewels then unto the view,
That we may praise them, or themselves prize you.
Virtue conceal'd, with Horace you'll confess,
Differs not much from drowsy slothfulness.

CCCXLV.

UPON M. BEN JONSON.

After the rare arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The cirque prophan'd was, and all postures rack'd;
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak;
No holy rage or frantic fires did stir,
Or flash about the spacious theatre.

No clap of hands, or shout, or praises proof
Did crack the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof.
Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in ;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hiss'd
At thy unequall'd play, the Alchymist ;
Oh, fie upon 'em ! Lastly, too, all wit
In utter darkness did, and still will sit
Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
Her resurrection has again with thee.

CCCXLVI.

ANOTHER.

Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the tree ;
That henceforth none be laurel crown'd but thee.

CCCXLVII.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESS TO
THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA.

When I of Villars do but hear the name,
It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
Binding the whole of fortune to his sphere ;
Who spurn'd at envy, and could bring, with ease,
An end to all his stately purposes.
For his love then, whose sacred reliques show
Their resurrection and their growth in you ;
And for my sake, who ever did prefer
You above all those sweets of Westminster ;
Permit my book to have a free access
To kiss your hand, most dainty governess.

CCCXLVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP. EARL OF
PEMEROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke you!
You, who are high born, and a lord no less
Free by your fate, than fortune's mightiness,
Who hung our poems, honour'd sir, and then
The paper gild, and laureat the pen.
Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
Others there be, who righteously will swear
Those smooth-pac'd numbers, amble every where;
And these brave measures go a stately trot;
Love those like these; regard, reward them not.
But you, my lord, are one whose hand along
Goes with your mouth, or does outrun your tongue,
Paying before you praise, and cock'ring wit,
Give both the gold and garland unto it.

CCCXLIX.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE GEORGE, DUKE,
MARQUIS, AND EARL OF BUCKINGHAM.

Never my book's perfection did appear,
Till I had got the name of Villars here;
Now, 'tis so full, that when therein I look,
I see a cloud of glory fills my book.
Here stand it still to dignify our muse,
Your sober hand-maid; who doth wisely choose
Your name to be a laureate wreath to her,
Who doth both love and fear you, honour'd sir.

CCCL.

TO THE QUEEN.

Goddess of youth, and lady of the spring,
Most fit to be the consort to a king,
Be pleas'd to rest you in this sacred grove,
Beset with myrtles, whose each leaf drops love.
Many a sweet-faced wood-nymph here is seen,
Of which chaste order you are now the Queen.
Witness their homage when they come and strew
Your walks with flowers, and give their crowns to you.
Your levy throne, with lily-work possess,
And be both princess here, and poetess.

CCCLI.

TO THE KING.

If when these lyrics, Cæsar, you shall hear
And that Apollo shall so touch your ear,
As for to make this, that, or any one
Number, your own, by free adoption;
That verse, of all the verses here, shall be
The heir to this great realm of poetry.

CCCLII.

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS
ART OF PAINTING.

On, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get
The palm from Urbin, Titian, Tintaret,
Brugel, and Coxu, and the works outdo
Of Holbein, and that mighty Ruben too.
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the word, Vandike.

CCCLIII.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

Since for thy dull deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess'd
Of life eternal, time has made thee one
For growth in this my rich plantation;
Live here; but know 'twas virtue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keep it forever; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endless lively food.

CCCLIV.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I've paid thee what I promis'd; that's not all;
Besides, I give thee here a verse that shall,
When hence thy circum-mortal part is gone,
Arch-like, hold up, thy name's inscription.
Brave men can't die; whose candid actions are
Writ in the poet's endless calendar:
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

Farewell.

CCCLV.

TO MISTRESS MARY WILLAND.

One more by thee, love, and desert have sent
T' ensangle this expansive firmament.
O flame of beauty! come, appear, appear
A Virgin taper, ever shining here.

CCCLVI.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Of all those three brave brothers, fall'n i' the war,
(Not without glory) noble sir, you are,
Despite of all concussions, left the stem
To shoot forth generations like to them.
Which may be done, if, sir, you can beget
Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.
Such essences as those three brothers, known
Eternal by their own production.
Of whom, from Fame's white trumpet, this I'll tell,
Worthy their everlasting chronicle,
Never since first Bellona us'd a shield,
Such three brave brothers fell in Mars's field.
These were those three Horatii Rome did boast;
Rome's where these three Horatii we have lost.
One Cordelion had that age long since,
These three, which three you make up four, brave
prince.

CCCLVII.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THOS. SOAME.

Seeing thee, Soame, I see a goodly man,
And in that good a great patrician;
Next to which two, among the city powers
And thrones, thy self one of those senators;
Not wearing purple only for the show,
As many conscripts of the city do,
But for true service, worthy of that gown,
The golden chain, too, and the civic crown.

CCCLVIII.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBIRGE.

Stand with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise
 High with thine own auspicious destinies;
 Nor leave the search and proof till thou canst find
 These, or those ends, to which thou wast design'd.
 Thy lucky genius, and thy gilding star,
 Have made thee prosperous in thy ways thus far;
 Nor will they leave thee, till they both have shown
 Thee to the world a prime and public one.
 Then, when thou see'st thine age all turn'd to gold,
 Remember what thy Herrick thee foretold,
 When at the holy threshold of thine house,
 He boded good luck to thyself and spouse.
 Lastly, be mindful, when thou art grown great,
 That tow'rs high rear'd dread most the lightning's
 threat;
 When as the humble cottages not fear
 The cleaving bolt of Jove the thunderer.

CCCLIX.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR WILLIAM SOAME.

I can but name thee, and methinks I call
 All that have been, or are canonical
 For love and bounty, to come near and see
 Their many virtues volum'd up in thee;
 In thee, brave man, whose uncorrupted fame
 Casts forth a light like to a virgin flame;
 And as it shines, it throws a scent about,
 As when a rainbow in perfumes goes out.
 So vanish hence, but leave a name as sweet
 As Benjamin and Storax, when they meet.

CCCLX.

TO MISTRESS KATHARINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,
THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

My Muse in meads has spent her many hours,
Sitting, and sorting several sorts of flowers,
To make for others garlands; and to set
On many a head here many a coronet.
But amongst all encircled here, not one
Gave her a day of coronation;
Till you, sweet mistress, came and interwove
A laurel for her, ever young as love,
You first of all crown'd her; she must, of due,
Render for that a crown of life to you.

CCCLXI.

TO HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,
CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requital, save this only one
Half of my just remuneration.
For since I've travell'd all this realm throughout,
To seek and find some few immortals out,
To circumspangle this my spacious sphere,
As lamps for everlasting shining here;
And having fix'd thee in mine orb, a star
Amongst the rest, both bright and singular,
The present age will tell the world thou art,
If not to th' whole, yet satisfied in part;
As for the rest, being too great a sum
Here to be paid, I'll pay't i'th' world to come.

CCCLXII.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.

Next is your lot, fair, to be number'd one
Here, in my book's canonization;
Late you come in, but you a saint shall be,
In chief, in this poetic liturgy.

CCCLXIII.

ANOTHER UPON HER.

First, for your shape, the curious cannot show
Any one part that's dissonant in you;
And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no plea,
Since you are known to be Penelope.
Thus fair and clean you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt form and chastity.

CCCLXIV.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH
ANTIQUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I who have favor'd many, come to be
Grac'd, now at last, or glorified by thee.
Lo, I, the lyric prophet, who have set
On many a head the Delphic coronet,
Come unto thee for laurel, having spent
My wreaths on those who little gave or lent.
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected thou hast crown'd a poet.
A city here of heroes I have made,
Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
Shall never shrink; where making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god.

CCCLXV.

TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END. PORTER.

Let there be patrons ; patrons like to thee,
 Brave Porter ! Poets ne'er will wanting be.
 Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
 In thee, thou man of men ! who here do'st give
 Not only subject-matter for our wit,
 But likewise oil of maintenance to it.
 For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay down
 Our thyrses for sceptre, and our bays for crown.
 For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due ;
 The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too.

CCCLXVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD, EARL
 OF DORSET.

If I dare write to you, my lord, who are
 Of your own self a public theatre ;
 And sitting, see the while, ways, walks of wit,
 And give a righteous judgment upon it ;
 What need I care, though some dislike me should,
 If Dorset says, what Herrick writes is good ?
 We know ye're learn'd i' th' Muses, and no less
 In our state-sanctions, deep, or bottomless ;
 Whose smile can make a poet, and your glance
 Dash all bad poems out of countenance ;
 So that an author needs no other bays
 For coronation, than your only praise ;
 And no one mischief greater than your frown,
 To null his numbers, and to blast his crown.
 Few live the life immortal. He ensures
 His fame's long life, who strives to set up yours.

CCCLXVII.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVIL.

To find that tree of life, whose fruits did feed,
And leaves did heal, all sick of human seed ;
To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here
At last I find, after my much to do,
The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too ;
And all in your blest hand, which has the powers
Of all those suppling healing herbs and flowers.
To that soft charm, that spell, that magic bough,
That high enchantment I betake me now ;
And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's fair tree,
I kneel for help ; O lay that hand on me,
Adored Cæsar ! and my faith is such,
I shall be healed, if that my King but touch.
The evil is not yours ; my sorrow sings,
Mine is the evil, but the cure the King's.

CCCLXVIII.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD STONE.

To this white temple of my heroes, here
Beset with stately figures everywhere,
Of such rare saintships, who did here consume
Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume ;
Come thou, brave man ! and bring with thee a Stone
Unto thine own edification.
High are these statues here, besides no less
Strong than the heavens for everlastingness ;
Where build aloft, and being fix'd by these
Set up thine own eternal images.

CCCLXIX.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS MISTRESS POT, WHO
MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

When I through all my many poems look,
And see yourself to beautify my book;
Methinks that only lustre doth appear
A light fulfilling all the region here;
Gild still with flames this firmament, and be
A lamp eternal to my poetry;
Which, if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
The oil was yours, and that I owe for yet;
He pays the half who does confess the debt.

CCCLXX.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS ELIZABETH
HERRICK.

Sweet virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet,
Or mournful marble, let thy shade
Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid,
Who hither at her wonted hours
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know, blest maid, when there's not one
Remainder left of brass or stone,
Thy living epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round; Good night.

CCCLXXI.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

Nor art thou less esteem'd that I have plac'd,
Amongst mine honour'd, thee almost the last;
In great possessions many lead the way
To him who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to thee, who art the one,
One only glory of a million;
In whom the spirit of the gods does dwell,
Firing thy soul, by which thou dost foretell,
When this or that vast dynasty must fall
Down to a fillit more imperial;
When this or that horn shall be broke, and when
Others shall spring up in their place again;
When times and seasons, and all years must lie
Drown'd in the sea of wild eternity:
When the Black Doom's-day book, as yet unseal'd,
Shall by the mighty Angel be reveal'd;
And when the trumpet which thou late hast found,
Shall call to judgment; tell us when the sound
Of this or that great April day shall be,
And next the Gospel, we will credit thee.
Mean time, like earth-worms we will crawl below,
And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

CCCLXXII.

TO M. LAURENCE SWEETNAHAM.

Read thou my lines, my Sweetnaham, if there be
A fault, 'tis hid if it be voic'd by thee:
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please;
How will it drop pure honey, speaking these?

CCCLXXIII.

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR. STEPHEN SOAME.

Nor is my number full, till I inscribe
Thee, sprightly Soame, one of my righteous tribe ;
A tribe of one lip, leven, and of one
Civil behaviour and religion ;
A stock of saints, where ev'ry one doth wear
A stole of white, and canonized here ;
Among which holies be thou ever known,
Brave kinsman, mark'd out with the whiter stone,
Which seals thy glory, since I do prefer
Thee here in my eternal calender.

CCCLXXIV.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

For civil, clean, and circumcised wit,
And for the comely carriage of it,
Thou art the man, the only man best known,
Mark'd for the true wit of a million ;
From whom we'll reckon wit came in, but since
The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince.

CCCLXXV.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND SIR THOMAS HEALE.

Stand by the magic of my powerful rhymes,
'Gainst all the indignation of the times ;
Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate
Of thy both great and everlasting fate :
While others perish, here's thy life decreed,
Because begot of my immortal seed.

CCCLXXVI.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN,
 MASTER EDWARD NORGate,
 CLERK OF THE SIGNET TO HIS MAJESTY.

For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts;
 For one to whom espous'd are all the arts;
 Long have I sought for; but could never see
 Them all concenter'd in one man, but thee.
 Thus thou that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd
 To make but one, and that's thyself, admir'd.

CCCLXXVII.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

What Fate decreed, Time now has made us see
 A renovation of the west by thee:
 That preternatural fever, which did threat
 Death to our country, now hath lost his heat;
 And calms succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequal pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remains for thee to do;
 Then reach those ends that thou was destin'd to;
 Go on with Sylla's fortune; let thy fate
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate;
 Apollo's image side with thee to bless
 Thy war, discreetly made, with white success:
 Meantime thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day.

That done, our smooth-pac'd poems all shall be
 Sung in the high doxology of thee:
 Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from them
 Receive, with songs, a flowery diadem.

CCCLXXVIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY
INTO THE WEST.

Welcome, most welcome to our vows and us,
Most great and universal Genius!
The drooping west, which hitherto has stood
As one, in long-lamented widowhood,
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers,
Newly refresh'd both by the sun and showers;
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers!
A deal of courage in each bosom springs
By your access, O you the best of Kings!
Ride on with all white omens, so that where
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

CCCLXXIX.

TO THE KING.

Give way, give way; now, now my Charles shines
here,
A public light, in this immensive sphere;
Some stars were fix'd before, but these are dim,
Compar'd, in this my ample orb, to him.
Draw in your feeble fires, while that he
Appears but in his meaner majesty;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame!
Princes, and such like public lights as these,
Must not be look'd on but at distances;
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too near,
Our eyes they'll blind, or if not blind, they'll blear.

CCCLXXX.

TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MRS. MARGARET FALCON-
BRIDGE.

Now is your turn, my dearest to be set
A gem in this eternal coronet ;
'Twas rich before, but since your name is down,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crown.
Blaze by this sphere for ever : or this do,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

CCCLXXXI.

TO HIS HONOURABLE FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNSELLOR.

Did I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law ;
The first foundation of that zeal should be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee,
Who dost so fitly with the laws unite,
As if you two were one hermaphrodite ;
Nor courts thou her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was intended ;
Which were, and still her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his own ;
To shore the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poor from wrong :
This was the founder's grave and good intent,
To keep the outcast in his tenement ;
To free the orphan from that wolf-like man,
Who is his butcher more than guardian ;
To dry the widow's tears, and stop her swoons,
By pouring balm and oil into her wounds ;

This was the old way, and 'tis yet thy course
 To keep those pious principles in force.
 Modest I will be, but one word I'll say;
 Like to a sound that's vanishing away,
 Sooner the inside of thy hand shall grow
 Hisped and hairy, ere thy palm shall know
 A postern-bribe took, or a forked fee
 To fetter justice, when she might be free.
 Eggs I'll not shave; but yet, brave man, if I
 Was destin'd forth to golden sovereignty;
 A prince I'd be, that I might thee prefer
 To be my counsel both and chancellor.

CCCLXXXII.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH
 FINCH.

Handsome you are, and proper you will be,
 Despite of all your infortunity;
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no less
 In that your own prefix'd comeliness;
 Spend on that stock, and when your life must fall,
 Leave others beauty to set up withal.

CCCLXXXIII.

TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDYMION PORTER.

When to thy porch I come, and, ravish'd, see
 The state of poets there attending thee;
 Those bards, and I, all in a chorus sing,
 "We are thy prophets, Porter; thou our king."

CCCLXXXIV.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOR OF EXETER.

Stand forth, brave man, since Fate has made thee here
The Hector over aged Exeter ;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poor lady lost in widowhood :
But fears not now to see her safety sold,
As other towns and cities were, for gold,
By those ignoble births, which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them ;
Whose restless ghosts shall hear their children sing,
Our sires betrayed their country and their king.
True, if this city seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflank'd with brass,
Yet, if thou wert not, Berkley, loyal proof,
The senators down tumbling with the roof,
Would into prais'd but pitied, ruins fall,
Leaving no show where stood the capital.
But thou are just and itchless, and dost please
Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
Faith, and affection ; which will never slip
To weaken this thy great Dictatorship.

CCCLXXXV.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

When after many lustres thou shalt be
Wrap'd up in sere-cloth with thine ancestry ;
When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seen
So little left, as if they ne'er had been ;
Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
Here with the generation of my just.

CCCLXXXVI.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSICIAN.

Should I not put on blacks, when each one here
Comes with his cypress, and devotes a tear?
Should I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
Viol, and voice is, by thy loss, struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been hurl'd,
And no less prais'd than spread throughout the world:
Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus;
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Music had both her birth and death with thee.

CCCLXXXVII.

TO HIS HONoured AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND
MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
Thou art that man of men, the man alone
Worthy the public admiration;
Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write,
And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight;
Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, born of the royal blood:
What state above, what symmetry below,
Lines have, or should have, thou the best can show;
For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be,
Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee;
Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays
Be less another's laurel than thy praise.

CCCLXXXVIII.

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
 This line about, live thou throughout the world,
 Who art a man for all scenes ; unto whom,
 What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome :
 Can'st write the comic, tragic strain, and fall
 From these to pen the pleasing pastoral :
 Who fli'st at all heights ; prose and verse runs't
 through ;
 Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespass too ;
 For which I might extol thee, but speak less,
 Because thyself art coming to the press ;
 And then should I in praising thee be slow,
 Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

CCCLXXXIX.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT
 OF GRAY'S-INN.

Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring
 The less to taste, than to drink up their spring ;
 That none hereafter should be thought, or be
 A poet, or a poet-like, but thee ?
 What was thy birth, thy star that makes thee known,
 At twice ten years, a prime and public one ?
 Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence
 Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence,
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
 And no less prais'd, than of the maids admir'd.
 Put on thy laurel then, and in that trim
 Be thou Apollo, or the type of him ;
 Or let the unshorn god lend thee his lyre,
 And next to him, be master of the choir.

CCCXC.

TO HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK.

What others have with cheapness seen, and ease,
In varnish'd maps, by the help of compasses ;
Or read in volumes, and those books withal
Their large narrations, incanonical,
Thou hast beheld those seas and countries far ;
And tell'st to us what once they were and are ;
So that with bold truth thou canst now relate
This kingdom's fortune, and that empire's fate ;
Canst talk to us of Sharon, where a spring
Of roses have an endless flourishing ;
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
Make known to us the New Jerusalem ;
The Mount of Olives, Calvary, and where
Is, and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre :
So that the man that will but lay his ears,
As inapostate, to the thing he hears,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of travels less in books than thee.

CCCXCI.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, MASTER
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

Nor think that thou in this my book art worst,
Because not plac'd here with the midst, or first ;
Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
'Those that must live with thee for evermore ;
That fame, and fame's rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee :
Fix on that column then, and never fall,
Held up by fame's eternal pedestal.

CCCXCII.

THE SCHOOL OR PEARL OF PUTNEY, THE MISTRESS
OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MRS. PORTMAN.

Whether I was myself, or else did see
Out of myself that glorious hierarchy;
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
Made up one state of sixty Venuses;
Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,
Or muses, on their mountain sitting there;
Or some enchanted place, I do not know;
Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow;
This I am sure, I ravish'd stood, as one
Confus'd in utter admiration.
Methought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of love;
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Inspir'd by th' sun-beams after dews and showers.
There did I see the reverend Rectress stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
'Those spirits rais'd, and with like precepts then,
As with a magic, laid them all again:
A happy realm! when no compulsive law,
Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe,
Live you, great mistress of your hearts, and be
A nursing mother so to majesty,
As those your ladies may in time be seen,
For grace and carriage every one a queen.
One birth their parents gave them, but their new
And better being, they receive from you:
Man's former birth is graceless, but the state
Of life comes in when he's regenerate.

CCCXCHII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON
COURT. SET AND SUNG.

Welcome, Great Cæsar! welcome now you are,
As dearest peace after destructive war;
Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease,
After our long and peevish sicknesses.
O pomp of glory! Welcome now, and come
To repossess once more your long'd-for home;
A thousand altars smoke, a thousand thighs
Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice:
Enter and prosper, while our eyes do wait
For an ascendant thoroughly auspicious;
Under which sign we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties new foundation.
That done, O Cæsar! live, and be to us
Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius;
To whose free knees we may our temples tie,
As to a still protecting Deity:
That should you stir, we, and our altars too,
May, Great Augustus, go along with you.
Chor. Long live the King; and to accomplish this,
We'll from our own add far more years to his.

CCCXCIV.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO. HERRICK, WHO DESIRED
TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

Welcome to this my college, and, though late
Thou'st got a place here, standing candidate;
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

CCCXCV.

ULTIMUS HEROUM; OR,
TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
HON. HENRY, MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER.

And as, time past, when Cato the severe,
Entered the circumspacious theatre,
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone;
E'en so my numbers will astonish'd be,
If but look'd on; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

CCCXCVI.

TO HIS MUSE. ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Tell that brave man, fain thou would'st have access
To kiss his hands; but that for fearfulness,
Or else, because th'art like a modest bride,
Ready to blush to death should he but chide.

CCCXCVII.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER
OF HIS LYRICS.

Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere;
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson; tell me, canst thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three;
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their three praises praise but one, that's Lawes.

CCCXCVIII.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRY, DOCTOR OF THE CIVIL LAW.

I have my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgment finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge, but not a judge severe.

The mean pass by, or over; none contemn;
The good applaud; the peccant less condemn,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public sight,
And in my book now claim a two-fold-right;
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CCCXCIX.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR,
PHYSICIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF
WESTMINSTER.

When first I find those numbers thou do'st write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite;
Next, when I see thee tow'ring in the sky,
In an expansion no less large than high;
Then in that compass, sailing here and there,
And with circumgyration everywhere;
Following with love and active heat thy game,
And then at last to truss the epigram;

I must confess, distinction none I see
 Between Domitian's Martial then and thee
 But this I know, should Jupiter again
 Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men;
 The Roman language, full and superfine,
 If Jove would speak, he would accept of thine.

CCCC.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN
 WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free
 To most of men, but most of all to me;
 For so decreeing, that thy clothes' expense
 Keeps still within a just circumference;
 Then for contriving so to load thy board,
 As that the messes ne'r o'rlaid the Lord;
 Next, for ordaining that thy words not swell
 To any one unsober syllable;
 These I could praise thee for beyond another,
 Wert thou a Wingfield only, not a brother.

CCCCI.

TO THE HANDSOME MRS. GRACE POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face
 Touch'd everywhere with such diffused grace,
 As that in all that admirable round,
 There is not one least solecism found;
 And as that part, so every portion else
 Keeps line for line with beauty's parallels.

CCCCII.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

Since shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one ;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it :
Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar ;
Or should'st thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boil'd worts, or third days fish,
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome ;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

CCCCIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

This day is yours, Great Charles ! and in this war
Your fate and ours alike victorious are.
In her white stole, now victory does rest,
Enspher'd with palm on your triumphant crest ;
Fortune is now your captive ; other kings
Hold but her hands ; you hold both hands and wings.

CCCCIV.

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER J. JINCKS.

Love, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race;
The bastard slips may droop and die,
Wanting both root and earth, but thy
Immortal self shall boldly trust
To live for ever with my Just.

CCCCV.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at:
Lift up thy sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

CCCCVI.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, M. SUSANNAH HERRICK.

The person crowns the place; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with these a principal:
How ere it fortun'd, know, for truth, I meant
You a fore-leader in this testament.

CCCCVII.

TO THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

When my date's done, and my grey age must die;
Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity;
Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand,
Shor'd up by you, brave Earl of Westmoreland.

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCVIII.

A PSALM, OR HYMN TO THE GRACES.

Glory be to the Graces,
That do in public places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The list'ning to my numbers!

Honour be to the Graces,
Who do with sweet embraces,
Show they are well contented
With what I have invented!

Worship be to the Graces,
Who do from sour faces,
And lungs that would infect me,
For evermore protect me!

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCIX.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

Oh look'd I back unto the times hence flown,
 To praise those muses, and dislike our own;
 Or did I walk those Pean gardens through,
 To kick the flow'rs, and scorn their odours too;
 I might, and justly, be reputed here
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe;
 But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
 Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
 So, I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well
 In our high art, although we can't excel,
 Like you; or dare the buskins to unloose
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
 But since I'm call'd rare Denham, to be gone,
 Take from thy Herrick this conclusion;
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be
 Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee;
 The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,
 Less by their own gems than those beams of thine.

ccccx.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
HERRICK.

Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight,
But stay the time till we have bade good night.
Thou hast both wind and tide with thee; thy way
As soon dispatch'd is by the night as day.
Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
Till we have wept, kiss'd, sigh'd, shook hands, or so.
There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell
When once true lovers take their last farewell.
What? shall we two our endless leaves take here
Without a sad look, or a solemn tear?
He knows not love that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
Pay we our vows and go, yet when we part,
Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
Into thy loving hands; for I'll keep none
To warm my breast, when thou my pulse art gone:
No, here I'll last, and walk, a harmless shade,
About this urn, wherein thy dust is laid,
To guard it so as nothing here shall be
Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

ccccxi.

TO MISTRESS DOROTHY PARSONS.

If thou ask me, dear, wherefore
I do write of thee no more;
I must answer, sweet thy part
Less is here than in my heart.

CCCCXII.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where shall I go,
Or whither run,
To shun
This public overthrow?

No places are,
This I am sure,
Secure
In this our wasting war.

Some storms we've past;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

CCCCXIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I will no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is,
That I must go this day:
Since longer I can't live,
My frolic youths, adieu:
My lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

CCCCXIV.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. ELIZAB. HERRICK.

First, for effusions due unto the dead,
My solemn vows have here accomplished ;
Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, farewell !

CCCCXV.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S IMPRISONMENT.

Never was day so over-sick with show'rs,
But that it had some intermitting hours.
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.
Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or light or day did never peep.
Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
But they left hope-seed to fill up again.
So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,
Your night, your prison, and your ebb ; you may
Spring up afresh, when all these mists are spent,
And star-like, once more gild our firmament.
Let but that mighty Cæsar speak, and then
All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave, as when
That earthquake shook the house, and gave the stout
Apostles way, unshackled, to go out.
This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;
Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me :
To wound my heart, and never to apply,
When you had power, the meanest remedy:
Well, though my grief by you was gall'd the more,
Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore.

CCCCXVI.

TO ANTHERA.

If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few sad hours after thee ;
Thy sacred corse with odours I will burn,
And with my laurel crown thy golden urn.
Then holding up there such religious things,
As were, time past, thy holy fillitings :
Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
Down dead with grief, and end my woes withall ;
So three in one small plot of ground shall lay,
Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

CCCCXVII.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY WHICH
SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

Dean-bourn, farewell ; I never look to see
Dean, or thy warty incivility ;
Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams,
And make them frantic e'en to all extremes,
To my content, I never should behold,
Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rocky thou art ; and rocky we discover
Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over.
O men, O manners ; now, and ever known
To be a rocky generation ;
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages,
With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when
Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

CCCCXVIII.

TO SIR CLIPSBY CREW.

Since to the country first I came,
I have lost my former flame ;
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my rayish'd spirit.
If I write a verse or two,
'Tis with very much ado ;
In regard I want that wine
Which should conjure up a line.
Yet, though now of muse bereft,
I have still the manners left
For to thank you, noble sir,
For those gifts you do confer
Upon him, who only can
Be in prose a grateful man.

CCCCXIX.

TO THE KING AND QUEEN, UPON THEIR UNHAPPY
DISTANCES.

Woe, woe to them, who by a ball of strife,
Do, and have parted here a man and wife ;
CHARLES, the best husband, while MARIA strives
To be, and is, the very best of wives ;
Like streams, you are divorc'd, but 'twill come when
These eyes of mine shall see you mix again.
Thus speaks the Oak here, C. and M. shall meet,
Treading on amber with their silver feet ;
Nor will't be long ere this accomplish'd be ;
The words found true, C. M. remember me.

CCCCXX.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these,
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
Lost to all music now, since everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing ;
Sick is the land to th' heart ; and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did reign :
If smooth and unperplex'd the seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
I should delight to have my curls half drown'd
In Syrian dew, and head with roses crown'd :
And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

CCCXXI.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESS.

That flow of gallants which approach
To kiss thy hand from out the coach ;
That fleet of lackeys which do run
Before thy swift postilion ;
Those strong hoof'd mules, which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree ;
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian looms and antique plate :
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

CCCCXXII.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

CCCCXXIII.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must; when I am gone,
Write but this upon my stone;
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,
That's the story of my life.
Strewings need none, every flower
Is in this word, bachelor.

CCCCXXIV.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I cannot pipe as I was wont to do,
Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too;
My wearied oat I'll hang upon the tree,
And give it to the Sylvan deity.

CCCCXXV.

TO HIS VERSES.

What will ye, my poor orphans, do,
When I must leave the world and you;
Who'll give ye then a shelt'ring shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead?
Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it?
I cannot tell; unless there be
Some race of old humanity
Left, of the large heart and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmoreland,
Or gallant Newark; which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
Ill used than babes left fatherless.

CCCCXXVI.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCY HERRICK.

Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befalls
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,
This blessing I will leave thee ere I go,
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dough;
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread;
Balm may thy tears drop, and thy springs run oil,
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil!
These I but wish for; but thyself shall see
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

CCCCXXVII.

TO HIS CLOSET GODS.

When I go hence, ye closet gods, I fear
Never again to have ingress here ;
Where I have had, whatever things could be
Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
Could read the intext but myself alone ;
About the cover of this book there went
A curious comely clean compartement ;
And in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing pretty peeping rubelet ;
But now 'tis closed ; and being shut and seal'd,
Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
Keep here still, closet gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft of sweetest marmeleet.

CCCCXXVIII.

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

Play I could once ; but, gentle friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the willow tree.
Sing I could once ; and bravely, too, inspire,
With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre.
Draw, I could once, although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like men made of flesh and bones.
Whether I would ; but, ah ! I know not how
I feel in this my transmutation now.
Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue.

CCCCXXIX.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR.

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it,
And then I must away.

O Time, that cut'st down all!
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath;
And piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please,
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramid.

CCCCXXX.

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONE'S SELF.

For my neighbour, I'll not know
 Whether high he builds or no;
 Only this I'll look upon,
 Firm be my foundation.
 Sound or unsound let it be,
 'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
 He who to the ground does fall,
 Has not whence to sink at all.

CCCCXXXI.

NO SHIPWRECK OF VIRTUE. TO A FRIEND.

Thou sail'st with others in this Argos here,
 Nor wreck or bulging thou hast cause to fear;
 But trust to this, my noble passenger,
 Who swims with Virtue, he shall still be sure,
 Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

CCCCXXXII.

THE CURSE. A SONG.

Go, perjured man; and if thou e'er return
 To see the small remainders in mine urn;
 When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
 And ask, where's now the colour, form, and trust
 Of woman's beauty? and with hand more rude
 Rifle the flowers which the virgins strew'd;
 Know, I have pray'd to Fury, that some wind
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

CCCCXXXIII.

FOUR THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

Health is the first good lent to men;
 A gentle disposition then:
 Next, to be rich by no bye-ways;
 Lastly, with friends t' enjoy our days.

CCCCXXXIV.

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS.

Rise, household-gods, and let us go,
 But whither, I myself not know.
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas;
 Next, with severest savages;
 Last, let us make our best abode,
 Where human foot has yet ne'er trod;
 Search worlds of ice, and rather there
 Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire.

CCCCXXXV.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSEL.

In all thy need, be thou possess'd
 Still with a well-prepared breast;
 Nor let thy shackles make thee sad;
 Thou canst but have what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill won't still be so:
 Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
 A sullen day will clear again.
 First peals of thunder we must hear,
 Then lutes and harps shall strike the ear.

CCCCXXXVI.

TO JULIA.

The saint-bell calls ; and Julia, I must read
 The proper lessons for the saints now dead ;
 To grace which service, Julia, there shall be
 One holy collect said or sung for thee.
 Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have
 A trental sung by virgins o'er thy grave ;
 Meantime we two will sing the dirge of these,
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

CCCCXXXVII.

TO HIS MAID PREW.

These summer birds did with thy master stay
 The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
 Leaving the poet, being now grown old,
 Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
 But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide,
 As well the winter's as the summer's tide ;
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,
 Not one, but all the seasons of the year.

CCCCXXXVIII.

TO ELECTRA.

Let not thy tombstone e'er be laid by me ;
 Nor let my hearse be wept upon by thee ;
 But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
 The minute of mine expiration ;
 One knell be rung for both, and let one grave
 To hold us two an endless honour have.

CCCCXXXIX.

HIS ALMS.

Here, here I live,
And somewhat give
Of what I have
To those who crave.
Little or much,
My Alms is such ;
But if my deal
Of oil and meal
Shall fuller grow,
More I'll bestow.
Mean time, be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crumb,
The scrip hath some.

CCCCXL.

THE PLUNDER.

I am of all bereft,
Save but some few beans left,
Whereof, at last, to make
For me and mine a cake ;
Which eaten, they and I
Will say our grace, and die.

CCCCXLI.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM

I begin to wane in sight ;
Shortly I shall bid good night ;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers once are out.

CCCCXLII.

A HYMN TO CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not love's dart,
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternal smart.

But only you,
My sometimes known
Companion,
My dearest Crew,
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault die,
And have no name
In books of fame:
Or let it lie
Forgotten now as I.

We parted are
And now no more,
As heretofore
By jocund Larr,
Shall be familiar.

But though we sever,
My Crew shall see
That I will be
Here faithless never,
But love my Clipseby ever.

CCCCXLIII.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT
LORD BERNARD STUART.

Hence, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have,
While we this Trental sing about thy grave.

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee,
They would have show'd civility ;
And in compassion of thy years,
Wash'd those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since th'art slain, and in thy fall
The drooping kingdom suffers all.

Chor. This we will do ; we'll daily come
And offer tears upon thy tomb ;
And if that they will not suffice,
Thou shalt have souls for sacrifice.
Sleep in thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee,
And cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt, for why ?
Souls do not with their bodies die ;
Ignoble offsprings, they may fall
Into the flames of funeral :
When as the chosen seed shall spring
Fresh, and forever flourishing.

Chor And times to come shall, weeping, read thy
glory,
Less in these marble stones, than in thy story.

CCCCXLIV.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

Thus I
 Pass by,
 And die,
 As one
 Unknown
 And gone :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I'th grave,
 There have
 My cave :
 Where tell
 I dwell,
 Farewell.

CCCCXLV.

UPON HIMSELF.

Come, leave this loathed country-life, and then
 Grow up to be a Roman citizen.
 Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,
 Waste thou in that most civil government.
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue
 Of those mild men thou art to live among ;
 Then being seated in that smoother sphere,
 Decree thy everlasting topic there ;
 And to the farm-house ne'er return at all,
 Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

CCCCXLVI.

LEPROSY IN CLOTHES.

When flowing garments I behold,
 Inspir'd with purple, pearl, and gold;
 I think no other, but I see
 In them a glorious leprosy,
 That does infect, and make the rent
 More mortal in the vestiment.
 As flowery vestures do descry
 The wearer's rich immodesty;
 So plain and simple clothes do show
 Where virtue walks, not those that flow.

CCCCXLVII.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS SUSANNA
HERRICK.

When I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
 But here awhile, to languish and decay;
 Like to these garden glories, which here be
 The flow'ry sweet resemblances of thee:
 With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry,
 Would thou had'st ne'er been born, or might'st not
 die.

CCCCXLVIII.

THE RAINBOW.

Look how the rainbow doth appear
 But in one only hemisphere;
 So likewise after our decease,
 No more is seen the arch of peace.
 That cov'nant's here, the under-bow,
 That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

CCCCXLIX.

THE DREAM.

By dream, I saw one of the three
Sisters of Fate appear to me.
Close by my bed's side she did stand,
Showing me there a firebrand :
She told me, too, as that did spend,
So drew my life unto an end.
Three-quarters were consum'd of it ;
Only remain'd a little bit,
Which will be burnt up by and by ;
Then Julia, weep, for I must die.

CCCCL.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
That dares to dread the fire of martyrdom ;
That sleeps at home, and sailing there at ease,
Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
That's counter-proof against the farm's mishaps,
Undreadful too of courtly thunderclaps ;
That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows
A change, when fortune either comes or goes ;
That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite
Of what can hurt by day, or harm by night ;
That takes and re-delivers every stroke
Of chance, as made up all of rock and oak ;
That sighs at other's death, smiles at his own
Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
Him to be here our Christian militant.

CCCCLI.

HIS LACHRYMÆ, OR MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.

Call me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of a feast;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceas'd.

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

But time, ah me!
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep:
And turn'd my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

CCCCLII.

ON HIMSELF.

Ask me why I do not sing
To the tension of the string,
As I did not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Grief, ah me! hath struck my lute,
And my tongue at one time mute.

CCCCLIII.

TO THE YEW AND THE CYPRESS TO GRACE HIS
FUNERAL.

Both you two have
Relation to the grave;
And where
The funeral-trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made
Ere long a fleeting shade;
Pray come,
And do some honour to my tomb.

Do not deny
My last request, for I
Will be
Thankful to you, or friends, for me.

CCCCLIV.

ON HIMSELF.

A wearied pilgrim I have wandered here,
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one year;
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have liv'd, but few.
Who by his grey hairs doth his lustres tell,
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well:
One man has reach'd his sixty years, but he
Of all those three-score has not liv'd half three:
He lives who lives to virtue; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

CCCCLV.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A master of a house, as I have read,
Must be the first man up, and last in bed ;
With the sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
See this, view that, and all the other bounds ;
Shut every gate, mend every hedge that's torn,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorn ;
Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

CCCCLVI.

ON HIMSELF.

If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,
And so soon stopp'd my longer living here ;
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternal grave ;
Though while we living 'bout the world do roam,
We love to rest in peaceful urns at home,
Where we may snug and close together lie,
By the dead bones of our dear ancestry.

CCCCLVII.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men, or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes ;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

CCCLVIII.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL; OR FAIR AFTER
FOUL WEATHER.

What though the heaven be low'ring now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We shall discover, by and by,
A repurgation of the sky;
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

CCCCLIX.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

All things subject are to Fate;
Whom this morn sees most fortunate
The ev'ning sees in poor estate.

CCCCLX.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF HER
HUSBAND.

Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's rain;
Since clouds dispers'd, suns gild the air again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boil;
But turn soon after calm, as balm or oil.
Winds have their time to rage, but when they cease,
The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storm is over; Lady, now appear
Like to the peeping spring-time of the year.
Off then with grave-clothes, put fresh colours on;
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.
Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile;
Now let the rose reign like a queen, and smile.

CCCCLXI.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACY.

Give me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path ;
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied years
In tears.

CCCCLXII.

TO BIANCHA.

Ah Biancha ! now I see
It is noon, and past, with me ;
In a while it will strike one,
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave ;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the east.

CCCCLXIII.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eat
The platters there as soon as meat.
A little pipkin with a bit
Of mutton, or of veal in it,
Set on my table, trouble-free,
More than a feast contenteth me.

CCCCLXIV.

AN HYMN TO THE MUSES

Honour to you who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it!

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,
Who still inspire me;

And teach me how to sing,
Unto the lyric string,
My measures ravishing!

Then while I sing your praise,
My priesthood crown with bays,
Green to the end of days!

CCCCLXV.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

Though clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock

I have to sing how day draws on:

I have
A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
To save

That little, Fates me gave or lent:

A hen
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay:

A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous care,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's near:
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him lately dead:
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse:
 To these
 A Tracy* I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rural privacy:
 Which are
 But toys, to give my heart some ease.
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

*His spaniel.

CCCCCLXVI.

TO FORTUNE.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
 Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
 Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
 Patient to my necessity;
 Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
 Me as a fear'd infection;
 Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
 Neglecting thy derision.

CCCCLXVII.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not every day that I
 Fitted am to prophesy;
 No, but when the spirit fills
 The fantastic pannicles,
 Full of fire, then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the Sibyl's, through the world
 Look how next the holy fire
 Either slakes, or doth retire;
 So the fancy cools, till when
 That brave spirit comes again.

CCCCLXVIII.

HIS RETURN TO LONDON.

From the dull confines of the drooping west,
 To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
 Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
 To thee, blest place of my nativity!
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
 With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
 O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
 An everlasting plenty year by year;
 O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
 All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
 I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
 That I amongst you live a citizen.
 London my home is; though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment;

Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!
For rather than I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred reliques burial.

CCCCLXIX.

THE INVITATION.

To sup with you you did me home invite,
And mad'st a promise that my appetite
Should meet and tire, on such luscious meat,
The like no Heliogabalus did eat;
And richer wine would'st give to me, thy guest,
Than Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast.
I came, 'tis true, and look'd for fowl of price,
The bastard Phoenix, bird of Paradise;
And for no less than aromatic wine
Of maiden-blush, commix'd with jessamine.
Clean was the hearth, the mantle larded jet,
Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet;
At last, i'th noon of winter, did appear
A ragg'd sous'd neat's foot with sick vinegar;
And in a burnish'd flagonet, stood by
Beer small as comfort, dead as charity:
At which amaz'd, and pond'ring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood;
I curs'd the master, and I damn'd the souse,
And swore I'd got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CCCCLXX.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle stream that glides,
 Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides;
 Try if this sober stream you can
 Follow to th' wilder ocean;
 And see, if there it keeps unspent
 In that congesting element:
 Next, from that world of waters, then
 By pores and caverns back again
 Induc'd that inadulterate same
 Stream to the spring from whence it came:
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easy, and else easier too,
 Then may ye recollect the grains
 Of my particular remains,
 After a thousand lustres hurl'd,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

CCCCLXXI.

TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
 For those good days that ne'er will come away:
 I want belief; O, gentle Silvia, be
 The patient saint, and send up vows for me.

CCCCLXXII.

FELICITY KNOWS NO FENCE.

Of both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
 Prosperity more searching of the mind:
 Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,
 While misery keeps in with patience.

CCCCLXXIII.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

The Gods require the thighs
Of beeves for sacrifice ;
Which roasted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them ;
Who, though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

CCCCLXXIV.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

Our household gods our parents be,
And manners good require, that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

CCCCLXXV.

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

This is the height of justice, that to do
Thyself, which thou put'st other men unto.
As great men lead, the meaner follow on,
Or to the good or evil action.

CCCCLXXVI.

ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

All things decay with time: The forest sees
The growth and downfal of her aged trees ;
That timber tall, which three-score lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood ;
I mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

CCCCLXXVII.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY
SENT TO A LADY.

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil;
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head;
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits my little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float;
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell you,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

CCCCLXXVIII.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You ask me what I do, and how I live?
And, noble friend, this answer I must give:
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
O'er which you'll walk when I am laid beneath.

CCCCI,XXIX.

CHEERFULNESS IN CHARITY ; OR THE
SWEET SACRIFICE.

'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thighs,
Can please those heavenly deities ;
If the vower don't express
In his offering, cheerfulness.

CCCCLXXX.

ON HIMSELF.

I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight ;
I'll sing no more of frosts, snows, dews, and showers .
No more of groves, meads, springs, and wreaths of
flowers ;
I'll write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid, and his witty coz'ning ;
I'll sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my dirges and my trentals have.

CCCCLXXXI.

LIFE IS THE BODY'S LIGHT.

Life is the body's light ; which once declining,
Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and lips leave
shining ;
Those counter-changed tabbies in the air,
The sun once set, all of one colour are :
So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their
place
And dismal darkness then doth smutch the face.

CCCCLXXXII.

HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY, OR A HEARTY WISH
TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

First, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision such a store,
Till that the cook cries, Bring no more :
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all ;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the lord and lady here
Enjoy a christening year by year ;
And this good blessing back them still,
T' have boys and girls too, as they will ;
Then from the porch may many a bride
Unto the holy temple ride,
And thence return, short prayers said,
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
Untouch'd by cold sterility ;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lustres few they may,
By laughing toc, and laying down,
People a city or a town.

CCCCLXXXIII.

HASTE HURTFUL.

Haste is unhappy : what we rashly do
Is both unlucky, aye, and foolish too :
Where war with rashness is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the field with equal fear.

CCCCLXXXIV.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT
HIMSELF AND JULIA.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise
Both address to sacrifice;
Old religion first commands
That we wash our hearts and hands.
Is the beast exempt from stain,
Altar clean, no fire profane?
Are the garlands, is the nard
Ready here? *Jul.* All well prepar'd,
With the wine that must be shed,
'Twixt the horns, upon the head
Of the holy beast we bring
For our trespass-offering.

Herr. All is well: now, next to these,
Put we on pure surplices;
And with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast
With perfumes the holocaust;
And, while we the gods invoke,
Read acceptance by the smoke.

CCCCLXXXV.

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

Words beget anger; anger brings forth blows;
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes;
For which prevention, Society, let there be
Betwixt us two no more logomachy.
Far better 'twere for either to be mute,
Than for to murder friendship by dispute.

CCCCLXXXVI.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Immortal clothing I put on,
So soon as, Julia, I am gone
To mine eternal mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to human sight,
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

CCCCCLXXXVII.

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

Put on thy holy fillitings, and so
To th' temple with the sober midwife go:
Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
By those who serve the child-bed mysteries,
Burn first thine incense; next, when as thou see'st
The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,
With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free, and not decurted offering.
All rites well ended, with fair auspice come,
As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home;
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second epithalamie.
She who keeps chastely to her husband's side
Is not for one, but every night his bride;
And stealing still with love and fear to bed,
Brings him not one but many a maidenhead.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

TO THE PASSENGER.

If I lie unburied, sir,
 These, my reliques, pray inter;
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones or turfs to cover me.
 One word more I had to say,
 But it skills not; go your way;
 He that wants a burial room,
 For a stcne, has Heaven his tomb,

CCCCLXXXIX.

P U R G A T O R Y.

Readers, we entreat ye pray
 For the soul of Lucia;
 That in little time she be
 From her Purgatory free:
 In th' interim she desires
 That your tears may cool her fires.

CCCCXC.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

Dearest of thousands, now the time draws near,
 That with my lines my life must full-stop here;
 Cut off thy hairs, and let thy tears be shed
 Over my turf, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other rites that do belong to me;
 As love shall help thee, when thou do'st go hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

CCCCXCI.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

Here I myself might likewise die,
 And utterly forgotten lie,
 But that eternal poetry,
 Repullulation gives me here,
 Unto the thirtieth thousand year,
 When all now dead shall re-appear.

CCCCXCII.

TO ANTHERA.

Anthea, I am going hence
 With some small stock of innocence;
 But yet those blessed gates I see
 Withstanding entrance unto me:
 To pray for me do thou begin,
 The porter then will let me in.

CCCCXCIII.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

Thou hast made many houses for the dead;
 When my lot calls me to be buried,
 For love or pity, prithee let there be
 I'th' churchyard made one tenement for me.

CCCCXCIV.

CROSSES.

Our crosses are no other than the rods,
 And our diseases vultures of the gods;
 Each grief we feel, that likewise is a kite
 Sent forth by them, our flesh to eat or bite.

CCCCXCV.

THE HONEY-COMB.

If thou hast found an honey-comb,
 Eat thou not all, but taste on some;
 For if thou eatest to excess,
 That sweetness turns to loathsomeness:
 Taste it to temper; then 'twill be
 Marrow and manna unto thee.

CCCCXCVI.

OUT OF TIME OR TUNE.

We blame, nay, we despise her pains,
 That wets her garden when it rains;
 But when the drought has dried the knot,
 Then let her use the watering-pot:
 We pray for showers, at our need,
 To drench, but not to drown our seed.

CCCCXCVII.

REVENGE.

Man's disposition is for to requite
 An injury before a benefit;
 Thanksgiving is a burden and a pain;
 Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain.

CCCCXCVIII.

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Does Fortune rend thee? Bear with thy hard fate;
 Virtuous instructions ne'er are delicate.
 Say, does she frown? Still countermand her threats;
 Virtue best loves those children that she beats.

CCCCXCIX.

T O J U L I A .

Help me, Julia, for to pray,
Matins sing, or matins say;
This I know, the fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beest by:
Bring the holy water hither;
Let us wash and pray together;
When our beads are thus united,
Then the foe will fly affrighted.

D.

C R U T C H E S .

Thou seest me, Lucia, this year droop;
Three zodiacs fill'd more, I shall stoop;
Let crutches then provided be,
To shore up my debility:
Then, while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry,
A ruin underpropt am I:
Down will I then my beadsman's gown,
And when so feeble I am grown,
As my weak shoulders cannot bear
The burden of a grasshopper;
Yet with the bench of aged sires,
When I and they keep tearmly fires,
With my weak voice I'll sing, or say
Some odes I made of Lucia;
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To Jove the mighty, for to stand
Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
Upon them many a benizon.

DI.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
FATHER.

That for seven lustres I did never come
To do the rites to thy religious tomb ;
That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
By me, o'er thee, as justments to the dead ;
Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
But now 'tis known, behold, behold I bring
Unto thy ghost, th' effused offering :
And look, what smallage, night-shade, cypress, yew,
Unto the shades have been, or now are due,
Here I devote ; and something more than so ;
I come to pay a debt of birth I own.
Thou gav'st me life, but mortal ; for that one
Favour I'll make full satisfaction ;
For my life mortal, rise from out thy hearse,
And take a life immortal from my verse.

DII.

TO ANTHERA.

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim ;
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant : Dearest, bury me
Under that holy-oak, or gospel-tree ;
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
Me, when thou yearly go'st procession ;
Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred reliques shall have room ;
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

DIII.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

More discontents I never had,
 Since I was born, than here ;
 Where I have been, and still am sad,
 In this dull Devon-shire.
 Yet, justly too, I must confess,
 I ne'er invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the press,
 Than were I loath'd so much.

DIV.

TO PERILLA.

Ah, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
 Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come
 And haste away to mine eternal home :
 'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
 That I must give thee the supremest kiss :
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
 Part of the cream from that religious spring,
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs, when thou didst im-
 plore
 The gods' protection but the night before ;
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear ;
 Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
 Devoted to the memory of me !
 Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

DV.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth;
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears;
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind:
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

DVI.

HIS DESIRE.

Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full;

But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
 When as the roof's a tottering ;
 And though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the Cittern with his quill.

DVII.

TO PERENNA.

I a dirge will pen for thee ;
 Thou a trental make for me ;
 That the monks and friars together,
 Here may sing the rest of either :
 Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
 Candlemas to grace the grave.

DVIII.

CONFORMITY.

Conformity was ever known
 A foe to dissolution ;
 Nor can we that a ruin call,
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

DIX.

HIS CAVALIER.

Give me that man that dares bestride
 The active sea-horse, and with pride,
 Through that huge field of waters ride :
 Who with his looks too, can appease
 The ruffling winds and raging seas,
 In mid's't of all their outrages.
 This, this a virtuous man can do,
 Sail against rocks, and split them too ;
 Aye, and a world of pikes pass through.

DX.

TO LAURELS.

A funeral stone
Or verse, I covet none ;
But only crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave ;
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternal monument of me.

DXI.

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESS.

Dear Perenna, prithee come,
And with smallage dress my tomb ;
Add a cypress sprig thereto
With a tear, and so adieu.

DXII.

THE PLAUDIT, OR END OF LIFE.

If after rude and boisterous seas,
My wearied pinnace here finds ease ;
If so it be I've gain'd the shore ;
With safety of a faithful oar ;
If having run my barque on ground,
Ye see the aged vessel crown'd ;
What's to be done ? but on the sands
Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands.
The first act's doubtful, but we say,
It is the last commends the play.

DXIII.

UPON MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF
AMARILLIS.

Sweet Amarillis, by a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin-red breast; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her:
But while he, perking, there did pry
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day,
At which poor Robin flew away;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirpt for joy, to see himself deceiv'd.

DXIV.

HIS WISH.

It is sufficient if we pray
To Jove, who gives and takes away;
Let him the land and living find;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

DXV.

TO ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me;
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corse inter,
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister.
For epitaph, in foliage, next write this:
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is!

DXVI.

FAIR SHOWS DECEIVE.

Smooth was the sea, and seem'd to call
To pretty girls to play withall;
Who paddling there, the sea soon frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these?

DXVII.

THE BEGGAR.

Shall I a daily beggar be,
For love's sake asking alms of thee?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit?
Ah, cruel maids! I'll go my way;
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
Find out a threshold or a door,
That may far sooner speed the poor:
Where thrice we knock, and none will hear,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

DXVIII.

HIS CHANGE.

My many cares, and much distress,
Has made me like a wilderness;
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,
And all confused multitude;
Out of my comely manners worn,
And as in means, in mind all torn.

DXIX.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good morrow to the day so fair ;
Good morning, sir, to you ;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah ! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee,
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I'th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there : I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him ;
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

DXX.

A VOW TO MARS.

Store of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant;
Help me, so that I my shield,
Fighting lose not in the field.
That's the greatest shame of all,
That in warfare can befall.
Do but this, and there shall be
Offer'd up a wolf for thee.

DXXI.

UPON MAN.

Man is compos'd here of a twofold part;
The first of nature, and the next of art;
Art presupposes nature; nature she
Prepares the way for man's docility.

DXXII.

EVEN-SONG.

Begin with Jove; then is the work half done,
And runs most smoothly when 'tis well begun.
Jove's is the first and last; the morn's his due
The midst is thine, but Jove's the evening too,
As sure a matins does to him belong,
So sure he lays claim to the even-song.

DXXIII.

LIBERTY.

Those ills that mortal men endure,
So long are capable of cure,
As they of freedom may be sure:
But that deny'd; a grief, though small,
Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.

DXXIV.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

To bread and water none is poor;
And having these, what need of more?
Though much from out the cess be spent,
Nature with little is content.

DXXV.

CLEMENCY.

For punishment in war, it will suffice,
If the chief author of the faction dies;
Let but few smart, but strike a fear through all;
Where the fault springs, there let the judgment fall.

DXXVI.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

First offer incense, then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
The spangling dew dredg'd o'er the grass shall be
Turn'd all to meal and manna there for thee.
Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil,
Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soil.
Would'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mould?
Pray nce, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold.

DXXVII.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN, HER SICKNESS.

Prue, my dearest maid, is sick,
Almost to be lunatic :
Æsculapius ! come and bring
Means for her recovering ;
And a gallant cock shall be
Offer'd up by her to thee.

DXXVIII.

UPON JULIA'S ALMS.

See how the poor do waiting stand
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer doled by thee will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle.

DXXIX.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

When I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel ;
And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
Thou sexton, Red-breast, for to cover me.

DXXX.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one
To make up now a congregation,
Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
And say short prayers : and when we have done so,
Then we shall see, how in a little space
Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

DXXXI.

MATINS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

When with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice ;
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.
Thy golden censors fill'd with odours sweet,
Thall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

DXXXII.

LITTLENESS NO CAUSE OF LEANNESS.

One feeds on lard, and yet is lean ;
And I, but feasting with a bean,
Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,
Jove prospers my meat more than his.

DXXXIII.

THE COMING OF GOOD-LUCK.

So good-luck came, and on my roof did light,
Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night ;
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are, by the sun-beams, tickled by degrees.

DXXXIV.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS FINGER.

One of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already : and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall ; which soon will be :
First dies the leaf, the bough next, next the tree.

DXXXV.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

Here, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford ;
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They will content my Prew and me :
Or pea or bean, or wort or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
Here we rejoice, because no rent
We pay for our poor tenement ;
Wherein we rest, and never fear
The landlord or the usurer.
The quarter-day does ne'er affright
Our peaceful slumbers in the night ;
We eat our own, and batten more,
Because we feed on no man's score ;
But pity those whose flanks grow great,
Swell'd with the lard of other's meat.
We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own beloved privacy ;
And like our living, where w'are known
To very few or else to none.

DXXXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

The work is done ; young men and maidens set
Upon my curls the myrtle coronet,
Wash'd with sweet ointments ; thus at last I come
To suffer in the muses' martyrdom ;
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The muses will wear black, when I am dead.

DXXXVII.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

Come thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ;
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest;
Thou art of what I did intend
The all, and end;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet;
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave;
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust entering here;
Where all desires are dead or cold,
As is the mould;
And all affections are forgot,
Or troubled not.
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free;
And weeping widows, long opprest,
Do here find rest.
The wronged client ends his laws
Here, and his cause;
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die;
And all Star-chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no court for our request,
Where all are best;

All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i'th' dust.
 Nor need we here to fear the frown
 Of court or crown;
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
 There all are kings.
 In this securer place we'll keep,
 As lull'd asleep;
 Or for a little time we'll lie,
 As robes laid by,
 To be another day re-worn,
 Turn'd but not torn;
 Or like old testaments engross'd,
 Lock'd up, not lost;
 And for a while lie here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next, at that great Platonic year,
 And then meet here.

DXXXVIII.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

After thy labour, take thine ease
 Here with the sweet Pierides.
 But if so be that men will not
 Give thee the laurel crown for lot,
 Be yet assur'd thou shalt have one
 Not subject to corruption.

DXXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

Some parts may perish, die thou cans't not all;
 The most of thee shall 'scape the funeral.

DXL.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

Why, Madam, will ye longer weep,
When as your baby's lull'd asleep?
And, pretty child, feels now no more
Those pains it lately felt before.
All now is silent; groans are fled;
Your child lies still, yet is not dead:
But rather like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

DXLI.

HIS WISH.

Fat be my hind; unlearned be my wife;
Peaceful my night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

DXLII.

A MEAN IN OUR MEANS.

Though frankincense the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expense.
As for ourselves to leave some frankincense.

DXLIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I'll write no more of love, but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
I'll write no more of life, but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

DXLIV.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I heard ye could cool heat; and came
With hope you would allay the same;
Thrice I have wash'd, but feel no cold,
Nor find that true which was foretold.
Methinks, like mine, your pulses beat,
And labour with unequal heat;
Cure, cure yourselves, for I descry
Ye boil with love as well as I.

DXLV.

THE WATCH.

Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again; once down, he's down for ever;
The watch once down, all motions then do cease:
The man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

DXLVI.

REST REFRESHES.

Lay by the good a while; a resting field
Will after ease, a richer harvest yield;
Trees this year bear; next, they their wealth withhold;
Continual reaping makes a land wax old.

DXLVII.

THE END OF HIS WORK.

Part of the work remains, one part is past
And here my ship rides, having anchor cast.

DXLVIII.

TO CROWN IT.

My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd !
The haven reach'd to which I first was bound,

DXLIX.

HIS PILLAR OF FAME.

Fame's pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brass, or jet ;
Charm'd, and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow
Nor shall the seas,
Of overthrow :
Or outrages
Of storms, o'erbear
What we uprear :
Tho' kingdoms fall ;
This pillar never shall
Decline, or waste at all ;
But stand for ever by his own
Firm, and well-fix'd foundation.

To his Book's end, this last line he'd have plac'd :
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.

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Herrick, Robert

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